Genl O. M. Po

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A
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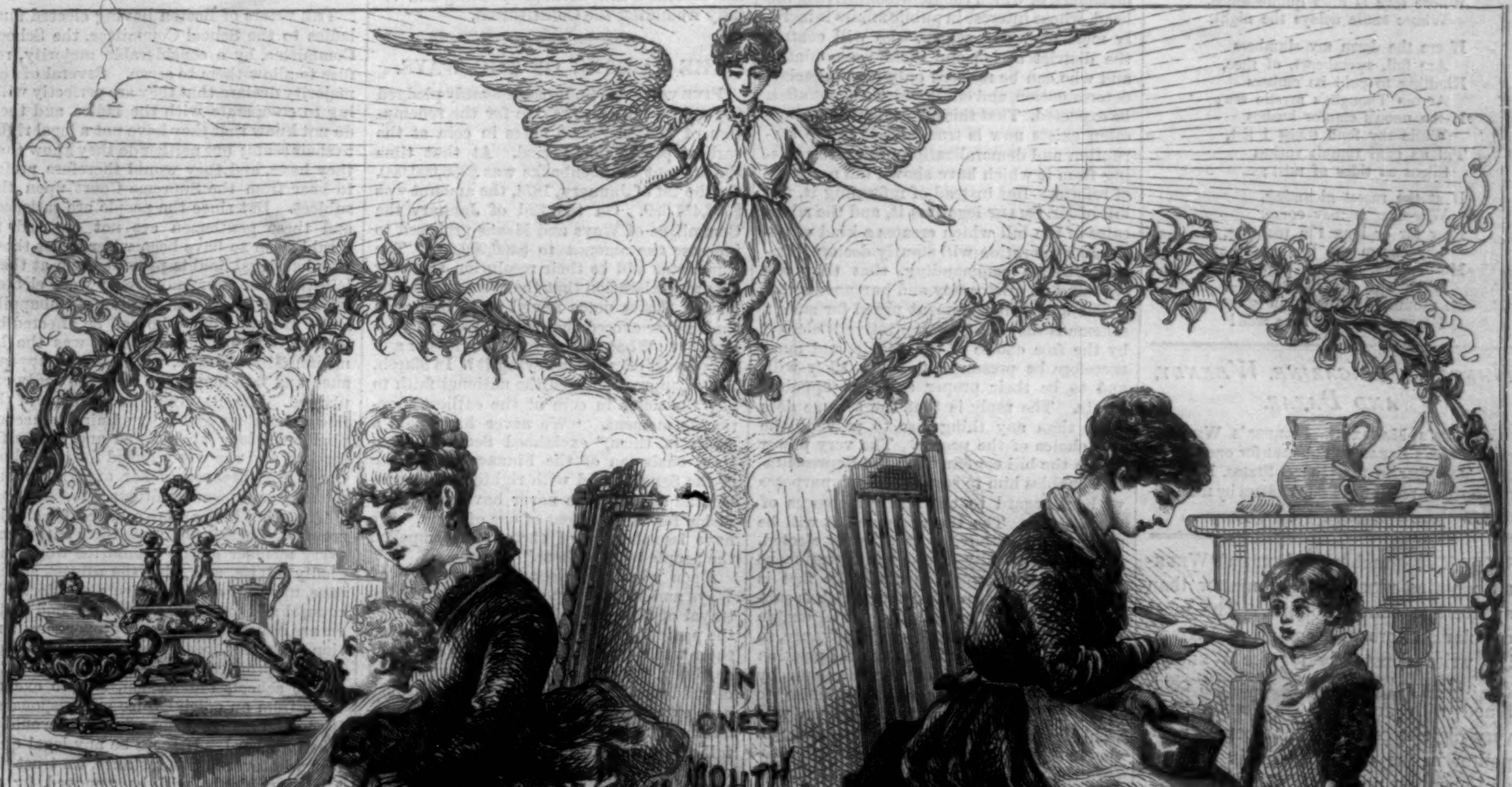

IN ONE'S MOUTH
BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON.
BORN WITH A WOODEN SPOON.
BORN WITH NONE AT ALL.
PUBLIC SCHOOL.
POOR-HOUSE AND PRISON.

THE SILVER SPOON.

OPEN your little wee mouth, my sweet,
  And take your food from a silver spoon,
For you were born to a high estate,
  And have even a right to "cry for the moon."
There's a world of pleasure in store for you;
  Fashion and pride await your years;
A life of elegant *ennui*, too,
  Unclouded by foolish cares and fears.
And so, my little aristocrat,
You've nothing to do but—just grow fat!

THE WOODEN SPOON.

BABY mine, in your precious eyes
I see the azure of summer skies;
Your mother's angel! her cherished pet!
And yet, my poor little plebeian—yet,
Your food on a *wooden* spoon doth lie,
Nor have you a right to question why.
Take what you can get, and be thankful, dear,
If you've even a *wooden* spoon each year.
So open your plebeian mouth, my sweet—
Mother can work for all you eat.

NO SPOON AT ALL.

ALAS! my darling, my helpless child,
  What can your mother do?
She's walked all day through the blinding sleet,
  But she can not find food for you!
Your cheeks are sunken, your blue eyes dim—
  Ah, me! that such things should be!
That the rich have plenty to throw away,
  But nothing for you and me!—
Hush, hush, my little one! do not cry!
If we may not live, we at least can die!

THE PROOF.

Ere breaks the drowsy morning
  There steals, to my surprise,
A light, the dusks adorning,
  From thy belovéd eyes.
I wake to find 'twas dreaming
  That mocked my lonely sleep,
And, cheated by the seeming,
  I long for thee and weep.

When noontide pours its splendor
  On the close city streets,
My ear a voice most tender
  Amid their tumult greets.
I know 'tis Fancy thralls me,
  But, quivering with the sound,
The turmoil scarce recalls me
  To the mad world around.

At twilight, gray or golden,
  As at the morn and noon,
My sense and soul are holden,
  Like seas by yon pale moon,
Of thy puissant presence,
  Though veiled from my sad sight,
Whose love is life's quintessence,
  Whose smile delays the night.

If ere the dawn my slumbers
  Are full, sweetheart, of thee,
Kindling to gold its embers
  Across Thought's mystic sea;
If the noon's clamor hushes
  While thy fond tones I list,
Till its mad tumult rushes
  Silent as tides of mist;

If at the russet gloaming,
  Wherever it may come,
How far or long I'm roaming,
  Thy charm can bring me home:
Morn, noon, and eve enchanting
  Alike with thy sweet spell—
Be prompt, dear heart, in granting—
  I love thee, love thee well!

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Saturday, February 14, 1874.

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A BILL TO LEGALIZE CORRUPTION.

When the House Committee upon the Reform of the Civil Service was appointed, we said that, judging from its members, the cause had little to hope from it. But we really did not suppose that it would propose virtually to violate the Constitution in order to legalize the worst political abuses. This, however, is the substance of the bill introduced in the committee by Mr. Smart, and, according to the New York *Times*, usually well informed upon such subjects, it is approved by two-thirds of the committee, such members as Mr. Willard, of course, being in the minority. Mr. Smart's bill provides that the clerks in the government offices at Washington shall be classified by Congressional districts, and that the appointments shall be divided equally among the districts by filling vacancies as they occur from districts which have not now their proper share. When the appointments shall have been thus equalized, all future vacancies shall be filled from the district in which they occur. And now comes the point of the bill. The nomination to the vacancy is to be made by the member of Congress from the district, and no person is to be appointed who is not so nominated. The head of the department may examine the candidate as he pleases, but no examination is to deprive the member of Congress of his right to nominate the candidate.

This proposition is at least frank. The voice is that of Mr. Smart, but the hand is the hand of General Butler. He was not placed upon the committee for naught. The worst abuses of the present system arise from the evil practice to which the authority of law is thus given. The intention and the effect of such a scheme are evident, and the voter can easily see how it will work. The first effect will be to give the Representative more power than any citizen in his district to nominate his own successor. The power of patronage is known, and this law makes the Representative absolute lord of all the patronage in his district. The office-holders appointed by him have a vital bread-and-butter interest in his fortunes, which makes them his most faithful henchmen. They will take care of caucuses and conventions as he may dictate. They have necessarily a personal stake in politics which other voters do not have, and Mr. Smart's law creates in every district of the country a band of thoroughly organized political managers, of which the Representative is the head, whose interest in public affairs is merely mercenary and selfish, who will control the district action and dictate candidates, and who can be resisted only by a sagacity, determination, and effort which can not often be expected. That this precise state of things often exists now is true, and it is the corruption and demoralization necessarily arising from it which have shown the necessity of reform. But instead of reforming it, the bill of Mr. Smart legalizes it, and the advocates of the bill which creates a kind of political corporation will stoutly declare, General Butler commanding, that they are opposing an aristocracy and bureaucracy!

The apparent argument urged for such a scheme is that the Representative is elected by the free choice of the people, and must therefore be presumed to know their will, and to be their proper agent in appointments. The reply is that the scheme does more than any thing else to prevent the free choice of the people. The very power which the bill confers upon the Representative enables him to secure his own purposes without regard to the real preferences of the district. The theory is, and it will be so stated, that, having been freely elected, he can impartially advise the Government as to the best appointments. The fact is that the power of nomination, which is substantially that of appointment, will enable him to pledge the patronage in advance, so that he will obtain the theoretical position of impartial adviser of appointments by means of his previous selfish promise to appoint! It is evident that a person who would not hesitate to use the patronage in the most unscrupulous way would often secure the nomination and election, and that he would be the very last person to whom the power of appointment should be confided, or whom the voters of the district would select as their agent for making appointments. Indeed, no Representative who has the legal right of nomination can be a safe and unsuspected sole adviser of appointments.

To the perception of the wisdom of separating the legislative and executive branches of the government are due some of the best qualities of our own political system; and the movement for a reform of the civil service, like most good political reforms, is merely an effort to undo abuses, and to return to the original intention of the government. Mr. Smart's bill is plainly unconstitutional. It aims, indeed, only to legalize an existing practice, but that practice is mere usurpation. It violates both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution, and is the most fruitful source of corruption. The Constitution authorizes Congress to vest by law the appointment of such inferior officers as it may think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments. It does not give the appointment to Congress or to the members of Congress, although it makes the advice and consent of the Senate essential to certain Presidential appointments. The purpose of the Constitution was to keep separate the branches of the government. Attorney-General Legaré says that "Congress has no power whatever to vest the appointment of any employé, coming fairly within the definition of an inferior officer of the government, in any other public authority but the President, the heads of departments, or the judicial tribunals." Now the power of appointment is, within constitutional restrictions, an absolute discretion. If, therefore, Congress should enact that no person should be appointed to an inferior office whom it or some member of Congress had not nominated, its action would destroy the discretion constitutionally vested in the President, because it would compel him to appoint only some specified individual.

It is not denied that Congress, in creating an inferior office, may prescribe certain general qualifications for its incumbency. But it can not constitutionally limit the discretion of the appointing power to select at will among those thus qualified. It may constitutionally enact that there shall be an office for which certain qualifications shall be indispensable, but it can not enact that the appointing power shall select no person so qualified unless he has been previously designated by the Representative from a certain Congressional district, for this would be a total denial of the discretion which is inseparable from the power of appointment. This was not forgotten by the Civil Service Commission. The rules recommended by them, and adopted by the President, are merely the methods by which he chooses to exercise his constitutional discretion. That this power of appointment, constitutionally withheld from Congress, has been usurped by it is undeniable. The tendency and practice are to make the President and heads of departments merely the commissioning agents of Congressional nominations. Mr. Smart's bill would legalize this abuse. Congress is understood to favor it. But it can not become a law without violating and vitally wounding the Constitution.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Five years ago Congress solemnly pledged the public faith to provide for the redemption of United States notes in coin at the earliest practicable period. At that time the amount of greenbacks was $356,000,000. On the 1st of January, 1874, the amount was $378,481,339. On the 22d of January the Committee of Ways and Means proposed to increase the amount to $400,000,000. The committee add to their resolution the very absurd declaration that the total amount of United States notes issued or to be issued shall never exceed that sum. Who will believe it? What reason does Congress or any inflationist offer for believing it? In March, 1869, Congress pledged the national faith to pay the notes in coin at the earliest practicable moment. "We never have paid a dollar of them," exclaimed Senator Sherman, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate; and with righteous indignation he added, "We never have made provision for the payment of one of them, We have issued more of them, and compelled the people to take them."

Upon what plea does the Committee of Ways and Means propose this deliberate betrayal of the public faith? Is it to relieve the panic? What panic? Last September there was a panic, produced by an excess of currency, which had stimulated every kind of wild speculation and personal and business extravagance, the sure result of a redundant paper currency. The country was full of doubtful railroad securities, the spawn of a false currency, and one alarm precipitated disaster. But the panic has passed. Money is again plenty. Speculation is again active, and is madly excited by the hope and prospect of further inflation. And the Committee of Ways and Means propose to fan the fatal flame.

Is it to provide for the current expenses of the government? But need we break faith to do that? There are always retrenchment and taxation possible. So is an honorable loan, not involving inflation. But a currency loan, payable at the pleasure of the government, to be used as a national bank reserve and to release greenbacks, is not possible—or should not be—because it is not honorable. Is the proposition of the committee an effort to make the volume of currency equal to the demands of business? This is a project of squaring the circle. It is simply impossible to determine arbitrarily and exactly how much currency legitimate business requires. But the depreciation of the currency is the practical measure of its excess, and further inflation would be further depreciation. When the Committee of Ways and Means have added the sum of forty-four millions to the currency, how do they propose to get it back? If the wants of business require that amount of inflation to-day, how much more will those "legitimate" wants require next week? If a government which in 1869 solemnly pledges the public faith to pay as soon as practicable in coin may in 1874 increase its paper currency from $356,000,000 to $400,000,000, why may it not, in 1879, increase it to $450,000,000? And who believes that it will not?

The true financial policy of the government is most clearly stated in the petition to Congress signed by many of the largest business firms of every kind in New York. It states strongly that the irredeemable currency necessarily disturbs all values, makes business gambling, and demoralizes industry. Those who sign the petition are practically familiar with the subject, and know what the interests of business require. Their opinion is a most important element in the discussion. We trust that Congress will heed it, for the country stands at the parting of the ways. On one side are moderation, economy, sound business, happy industry, and public and private honor; upon the other side are expansion, speculation, public and private extravagance, national dishonor, and wide-spread suffering and ruin. As Mr. Forbes, of Boston, truly said before the Committee on Banking and Currency, "The sure victim, the residuary legatee, of all the blunders of our gambling system, is the laborer; the prices fall for him the latest, while they rise the soonest." He, more than any man, is interested in a sound currency and in secure business. The fury of speculation kindled by inflation may seem to offer him enormous wages. But their value to him is not their amount, but their purchasing power. The suffering among them to-day is not due to the scarcity of currency, but to its surplus, which fostered an extravagance that could not last, and was sure to end in a catastrophe of which they were the first real victims. Let them avoid the fire that has burned them.

WOMEN AND SCHOOLS.

The voters of Boston having elected four ladies to the School Committee, the School Committee, by a considerable majority, refuse to allow them to serve. Several of the majority declare that they are perfectly willing to co-operate with the ladies, and they do not know that they have not a legal right to their seats; but neither do they know that they have, and they would therefore prefer to hear from the Supreme Court upon the subject. But since the people are satisfied, and these gentlemen are not opposed, it would seem to have been wiser to let those who had legal doubts present them at their leisure. The four ladies who were elected were well known in Boston. Unhappily there are but three who can be affected by the decision, for one of them was the lamented Mrs. Badger, whose late disappearance and fate have been only too sadly explained. Mrs. Badger was a woman of the finest character and most admirable accomplishment, long an honored and successful teacher, and she was selected for the School Committee because of her experience and sagacity and peculiar fitness.

The other ladies were selected for similar reasons. There is not one of them with whom every member of the committee would not gladly advise, and with the utmost advantage, upon all school subjects. Indeed, the counsel and experience of women and mothers are indispensable in any proper consideration of the methods and details of education. A vast proportion of the teachers in the public schools are women, and to exclude them from an official voice and responsibility in the management of schools would be wholly absurd. If there be any legal question whatever in this instance, we trust that all future doubt will be removed by the passage of an act by the Legislature now sitting in Boston, authorizing the women of Massachusetts to serve upon school boards and in all other positions to which the voters may choose to elect them.

AN AVOIDABLE ACCIDENT.

The accident in the Harlem tunnel the other day was one of those for which there can be no sufficient excuse, and it would be agreeable to the thousands of travelers who are compelled to trust themselves to the lines that pass through the tunnel to know that the guilty persons had been properly punished. It is remarkable, as the *World* has observed, that most of the recent shocking catastrophes upon railroads have been due to the most flagrant disregard of the plainest regulations. In the present instance a train from Morrisania had entered the tunnel, and was arrested by the crack of a torpedo. It stopped in the total darkness, and apparently nobody knew or thought of a train which would be soon due upon the same track and no attempt was made to stop it. On it came, the New Haven express, and dashed into the Morrisania train, from the rear car of which the passengers, either hearing or seeing the coming train, or only vaguely anxious from the consciousness of exposure and want of care, had fled to the forward cars. One gentleman, however, who had been unable to escape, was caught in the wreck, and his foot was crushed.

Travelers upon that road can make this case their own. Had the car been full of passengers, the catastrophe would have been lamentable, and the same utter carelessness which permitted the collision of last week probably still presides over the tunnel. The passage of trains through it is constant. The risk is so obvious that the traveler naturally supposes that every precaution is taken; but it seems that he supposes so at his peril. Every train that enters the tunnel upon the track on which another train has just preceded it should, of course, slacken its speed, and watch very carefully for any warning to stop. The train that has entered should, of course, display a lantern behind of a warning color. The necessity of such a rule is shown by this accident. If there is none of the kind, the company is to blame. And in any case the plain duty of the conductor of a train which stops irregularly for any reason is to take instant measures to warn an approaching train. The company would much more surely command the confidence of the public if a report of a proper investigation of the circumstances of such an offense as this collision, and of the prompt punishment of the guilty agents, were published.

THE HOUSE REFUSES TO ECONOMIZE.

The House of Representatives recalls the dreary jest of the man who was in favor of the war, but opposed to carrying it on. General Garfield proposes some simple and obvious economies, such as not paying for any site for a projected public building when the contract has not been executed, or for any work or material for buildings not begun nor contracted for, when Mr. Platt, a Republican from Virginia, and Mr. Negley, a Republican from Pennsylvania, protest that this is a great country, and that there must be public buildings, and that this is not the way to economize; and the House, by a vote of 157 to 76, decides that there shall be no retrenchment in the most practicable direction. Thereupon General Garfield says that honorable gentlemen are evidently in favor of all economical measures except those that happen to be proposed, and Mr. Beck, a Democrat from Kentucky, who is opposed to equal civil rights among American citizens, calls the general to order for scolding the House. The Democrats are a minority, and have no responsibility, and the Republicans, unfortunately, have defeated a practical measure of retrenchment.

The methods of economy are the same for a nation as for an individual. If Mr. Platt or Mr. Beck proposed to build a new house, and suddenly found that his income was falling off, and even dropping below his expenses, he would defer building until a more convenient season. What they would do for themselves they are honorably bound to do for the public, of whose money they are the temporary guardians. The vote was taken upon a motion to refer the subject to the Committee on Public Buildings. But this was a subterfuge to obtain the bill and smother it. The real question is one of the appropriation of money, with which that committee is not charged. We wish that it were possible for members of Congress to understand the effect of such votes upon the country. The very men who hope by advocating an expenditure of the public money in their districts to secure their popularity and re-election will find both imperiled by refusing to stop an outlay which is only contemplated, not contracted for, and that, too, after the Secretary of the Treasury has proposed increased taxation to meet the current expenses of the government.

THE OLD PRACTICE AND THE NEW.

A committee of gentlemen in Brooklyn recently waited upon Police Commissioner Jourdan to request that in the medical appointments of the board physicians of the homeopathic practice might be considered, and to recommend one gentleman by name. It is very well known that at least a fourth of the medical practice in Brooklyn is homeopathic, and that a very much larger proportion of the intelligent families of that city prefer the practice. All that is asked, as Mr. Beecher said for the committee, although he is of the other school, is fair play. The exclusive claim of the old or allopathic school to true principles of practice is as absurd as the exclusive claim of the Roman Church to the true religious faith. And medical intolerance is not less bitter than ecclesiastical. The amusing insolence with which the Church of Rome denounces heretics re-appears in the contempt with which allopathy sneers at homeopathy as quackery. At one time its practice is derided as composed of imagination and particles of sugar, at another as administering familiar drugs under outlandish names.

But since nothing is more obscure than disease, and nothing more uncertain than medical practice, it would seem that nothing could well be more absurd than the fury with which the man who gives a pint of poison assails the man who gives a drop, or the lofty air of superiority assumed by the doctor of a large pill over the doctor of a small one. Experience alone can decide. Tradition and possession of the field are of no weight. Rome, with all the thunders of orthodoxy, has not prospered of late years, and allopathy, unspeakably scornful, can not avoid the spectacle of increasing protest and dissent based upon an experience entirely satisfactory to those who are most interested. If a man is cured by a drop, it is laughable to insist that he could only be cured by a pint; and if the cure be ascribed to imagination and a good constitution, the same logic will justly ascribe to the pint the death that follows it. Under both systems there are cures and there are deaths; and if the allopath holds that homeopathy is folly, not less does the homeopath hold the same of allopathy.

The bitterness of allopathic jealousy was shown at the last meeting of the Public Health Association. The object of this society is sanitary reform. It was composed of physicians and merchants and lawyers and others; of homeopaths and allopaths; of Methodists, Baptists, Universalists, Presbyterians; of both sexes, and of the whole community. Its object was sanitary reform. But the Executive Committee, composed of five allopathic physicians, refused to admit to membership one of the most efficient members of the Board of Health of the District of Columbia, who had been an especial Sanitarian Commissioner to Europe, because he was a homeopathic physician, and also excluded an allopathic physician for—as the report of the circumstances alleges—having consulted with another allopath who had consulted with a homeopath! This is beyond Rabelais or Molière.

It is evident that a man could no more properly be refused membership because he was a homeopathic doctor than because he was a Methodist preacher. If this were the reason of his rejection, it was an act of mere bigotry, for it is absurd to say that a man can not be versed in sanitary science, or interested in it, unless he holds the allopathic theory of medication. The chairman of the Executive Committee is the present health officer of New York, and a homeopathic society has taken measures to prevent his renomination or confirmation. This, however, seems to be equally unwise, not only because he is a most admirable health officer, but because it is an act of mere vengeance. If he has committed an offense as chairman of the committee of the Sanitary Association, it should be punished by the society, not by the Governor and Senate, unless it can be shown to involve his official character or capacity. Meanwhile the friends of homeopathy may console themselves with the fact that the practice rapidly extends, and notably modifies the older practice. Its schools and hospitals are arising, and it will soon be as absurd for the old practice to sneer at the new as it was for the Episcopal Sydney Smith to ridicule the Methodists. We all agree to differ in religion; why not in medicine?

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Travel is usually a self-sufficing passion. The delight of adventure, the romance of novelty, of strange scenes, of new forms of life, the ardor of scientific exploration, the excitement of peril, the love of mystery, and the sense of power which attends man penetrating the long-veiled secrets of nature, fascinate the traveler and draw him on. It is partly temperament, partly the thirst of knowledge, partly the ambition of discovery, that explain the careers of Ledyard, Bruce, Mungo Park, the arctic voyagers, Parry, Kane, Franklin, and Hall. Every true traveler sails to find the Golden Fleece. He calls it by many names, but it is always the same alluring brightness. The Fountain of Youth, the Northwest Passage, the Sources of the Nile—they are all but names for the gratification of the master passion. For the traveler, like the poet, is born, not made. His genius compels him, and he obeys.

To this genius of the traveler David Livingstone seems to have added a distinct moral purpose, which is unusual among the true travelers. He first went to Africa as a missionary more than thirty years ago, and although the overpowering fascination of the search for the springs of the Nile affected him, as it does all African travelers, it was subordinate to his humane hopes and purpose. More than to find the outlet of Lake Tanganyika did he wish to teach Christianity to mid-Africa, and to destroy the slave-trade in its chiefest seat. Buried in the heart of the most obscure continent, careless of home, of friends, of fame, he seemed to care only to relieve the sorrow and to right the wrong of those who could neither understand him nor reward him. There are few more heroic figures than that of David Livingstone in Central Africa. His utter absorption in his work, his devotion to his idea, his negligence of recognition, make him conspicuous among travelers and among men—his heroic life crowned by a lonely death so far away from civilization that a half year elapses before it is known. But to a man of Livingstone's religious faith and high purpose the hot waste of mid-Africa was as good a place in which to die as the green fields of his native land. "God is as near by sea as by land," said Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the old arctic sailor, who went to heaven that way. It is to be hoped that Livingstone's papers are safe, for if through his long wanderings and separation from his kind his faculties were unimpaired, his journals will be one of the most valuable treasures of the literature of travel.

"PALMY DAYS."

There are many things in the condition of the reconstructed States which every honest and thoughtful man deplores. But one of those things is not that they are not in the hands of their old masters. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, is a type of that class, and the reader of a speech lately delivered by him at Atlanta will find it hard to believe that this man was once a Senator of the United States at a time which Copperhead sentimentality is fond of calling "the palmy days of the republic." Palmy days of the republic, when in half the country a man was in danger of being hung if he advocated the fundamental principle of the government, and when the chief national policy was the perpetuation and extension of the power to buy and sell men and women! South Carolina, Mr. Pike says, is a "prostrate State." Let us take care that she be such no longer. But let us also despise the criminal folly of celebrating as a palmy day the time when the whole nation was prostrate under the heel of slave-breeders, overseers, dough-faces, and "statesmen" of whom Mr. Robert Toombs is a specimen.

In the speech at Atlanta Mr. Toombs, like Mr. Beck and Mr. Harris in Congress, denounces the Civil Rights Bill. And what is called Democracy in this country is fitly illustrated by the speeches of these three Democrats. Mr. Toombs says:

> "You have shown an example of patience to the men of the North. 'Men!' did I say? My God! not men—thieves! demons! After seven years from our capitulation, after our flag was pulled down by the grave, you have submitted to debt, to deprivation of property, and then the Thirteenth Amendment. That is the last thing, they say. Then the Fourteenth, and the last. Then they said submit to the Fifteenth. We bowed to that. Well, they said submit to reconstruction, and they would not let the Supreme Court decide upon that. They put their Erskines here to do that, and would not let it go to the Supreme Court of the United States. Well, we bowed again. Some kicked, and would not go to the Convention. And they had Hulbert, 'the right man in the right place,' as somebody said the *Constitution* called him. Then reconstruction again. Some did not bow. I did not bow at all. I was a rebel—it is a glorious term. It means 'patriot.' After a while they came again. We have turned the negro free—and they are the best people I ever saw in their place, and a little better than the Yankees are in any place. [Laughter.] I always liked them. They had Civil Rights Bill number one. We groaned, but took it—said, 'It's a glorious thing.' Then Civil Rights Bill number two. Then men would have thought some sentiment of pity would have arisen in seven years. But it grows more and more. And then even Grant himself, that ignoble villain, advised them to pass it; and then, after seven years, you have the seventh phial of wrath poured out upon your heads. Time can not assuage their animosity. It is natural. The devil hates the good. When we had done every thing that we could do—dishonored our ancestors, crawled on our knees, sang pæans, and said 'Let us have peace,' they are like the Frenchman. I never was much at French, so I will give you a translation; he said, 'Let us be brethren, or I will cut your throat.' But this is the devil twice refined over again. I am speaking the truth—every man knows it. And what is that? To put your niggers in your theatres, in these halls, into your churches—stick the nigger even into your own bed-chamber. [Laughter, applause, and cries of "Never, never!"] Fellow-citizens, you have nature. There is a time when free men shall say, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no further!' [Applause.] The time comes when freemen must seize their arms, and live free or not live at all. In that struggle for public liberty, if these oppressions continue, I will show you, young men, that an old man can die."

Does any honest American citizen really regret that the places of Mr. Toombs and his fellows in Congress are filled by Mr. Elliott, Mr. Rainey, and their friends?

THE END OF ORATOR MUM.

Senator Anthony's little bill forbidding the publication in the *Congressional Record* of speeches that were never delivered has the warm approval of public opinion, and will stop a very serious abuse. It will not only save money, but it will show many honorable gentlemen to their constituents in their true character. The quiet country voter who receives the speech of his Representative, well expressed, or even eloquent, and stuffed full of valuable information, shares the glory of the day, and swells with the happy consciousness that his district is not silent, but is most creditably oratorical. Senator Anthony's bill comes to him like a faithful friend, and tells him that he is duped. His Representative has written no speech, has spoken no speech, has been neither eloquent nor instructive, and could not possibly do or be any of these things. The voter has been the victim of false pretenses, and the honorable gentleman who, as he fondly fancied, had the high power "th' applause of list'ning senates to command," is Mum the Mouse in the honorable House.

Mr. Mum has, however, done two things. He has hired some ready writer to prepare a speech for him, and he has obtained leave of the House to spend other people's money in having the ready writer's speech printed. His own contribution to it is to call it his own. Senator Anthony's bill saves Mr. Mum the price of the speech, and the country the cost of printing it. And, further, it prevents Mr. Mum from standing for re-election upon the merits of his eloquent discourse that the House had not time to hear, but which may be found, as it would have been delivered, in the *Congressional Record*, as many miles of similar speeches are to be found in the old *Congressional Globe*. This is one of the abuses of which Congress should have been heartily ashamed. Yet, year after year honorable gentlemen have voted that the public should pay for printing speeches which were never delivered, while the only excuse for recording a speech in Congress is that it was a part of a debate, and theoretically, therefore, had some influence upon Congressional action. It was discourteous, thought honorable gentlemen, to deny so small a favor to so small a person as Mr. Mum. But why be courteous at the expense of others?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Congressional work of the week was light. A bill was introduced into the House on the 26th ult. by Mr. Gunckel, of Ohio, to repeal the law by which Representatives are allowed pay during the interval between the beginning of their term and opening of the session.—On the 27th ult. the Senate referred the credentials of W. L. M'Millan, as Senator elect from Louisiana, to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. On the same day the House decided the West Virginia contested election cases by admitting to their seats Messrs. John J. Davis and J. M. Hogan, who were chosen at the August election.—In the House, on the 29th ult., Mr. Maynard, from the Committee on Banking and Currency, reported a bill to amend the several acts relating to the national currency and to establish free banking, which was referred to the Committee of the Whole.—The Banking Committee was also authorized to investigate the affairs of the Ocean National Bank of New York city.—On the 28th ult. the House appropriated $11,000 for the life-saving service.—The postal telegraph scheme was reported adversely by Mr. Maynard, of the House Banking and Currency Committee, on the 29th ult., and referred to the Committee of the Whole.—The House, on the 30th ult., passed a bill requesting the President to convene a court of inquiry to investigate the charges against General O. O. Howard, the accused officer to be allowed the right of challenge. In the Senate the matter was laid over.—The Senate passed the House bill authorizing foreign coinage in the United States mints on the 26th ult.—Two additional amendments to the Bankruptcy Act were recommended by the Senate Committee on Bankruptcy on the 26th ult. One provides that a voluntary bankrupt's assets must be thirty-three per cent. of the claims against him, instead of fifty, as now required, and also, in computing the number of creditors who shall join in a petition to have a debtor adjudged bankrupt, creditors whose respective debts do not exceed $250 shall not be reckoned as part of the requisite proportion of one-fourth of all the creditors. But if there be no creditors whose debts exceed said sum of $250, or if the requisite number of creditors holding debts exceeding $250 fail to sign the petition, the creditors having debts of a less amount shall be reckoned for the purposes aforesaid.—The House bill abolishing the office of First Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue was passed by the Senate January 26.

Governor Dix on the 28th ult. presented to the Legislature a message calling attention to the unlawful custom of drawing on the State sinking funds to meet appropriations not provided for by current taxation. The Governor recommends immediate action to put an end to the abuse.—An important insurance bill was introduced into the Senate by Mr. Tobey on the 26th ult., forbidding companies from taking the risks of other companies without the consent of the parties insured. On the same day, in the Assembly, Mr. M'Afee proposed a bill amending the election law of this city, revising the district boundaries, and providing for speedy announcement of returns.

The Olympic Theatre in Philadelphia was burned on the 29th ult., and two firemen were killed.

The Lower House of the Missouri Legislature has rejected a bill to allow women to be elected to office under the school laws.

Ex-Chief Justice James Thompson, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, fell dead in a Philadelphia court-room, on the 28th ult., while arguing a case.

The Ohio Constitutional Convention, on the 29th ult., passed the following resolution of respect to Chief Justice Waite, late its presiding officer:

> "*Resolved*, That in accepting of the resignation of the Hon. M. R. Waite we bear testimony to his character as a citizen, his distinguished qualities as a jurist, and his ability and impartiality as presiding officer of this body. In retiring from this convention to accept the exalted position to which he has been called, he carries with him the affectionate regard of those with whom he has been officially associated, and we feel confident that in the exercise of the duties of the highest judicial office of the government he will manifest the same devotion to duty and the same faithfulness to public trust."

A mass-meeting was held at the Cooper Institute, in this city, on the 30th ult., under the auspices of the German Free-thinkers' Union, to protest against the recent action of the police authorities in suppressing the Communists' meeting in Tompkins Square. Addresses strongly denouncing the measure were delivered by Mr. John Swinton and others, and resolutions reflecting the sentiment of the assemblage were adopted with much enthusiasm.

FOREIGN NEWS.

An official dispatch from Zanzibar to the British government reports the death of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer and missionary, which took place August 15, 1873.

Mr. Disraeli has issued an address to his constituents in Buckinghamshire, asking for a re-election to Parliament. He condemns the Gladstone government for having involved the country in the Ashantee war, arraigns them for their general foreign policy, and opposes an extension of the suffrage.

Sixteen persons were killed by an accident on the railroad between Edinburgh and Glasgow January 27.

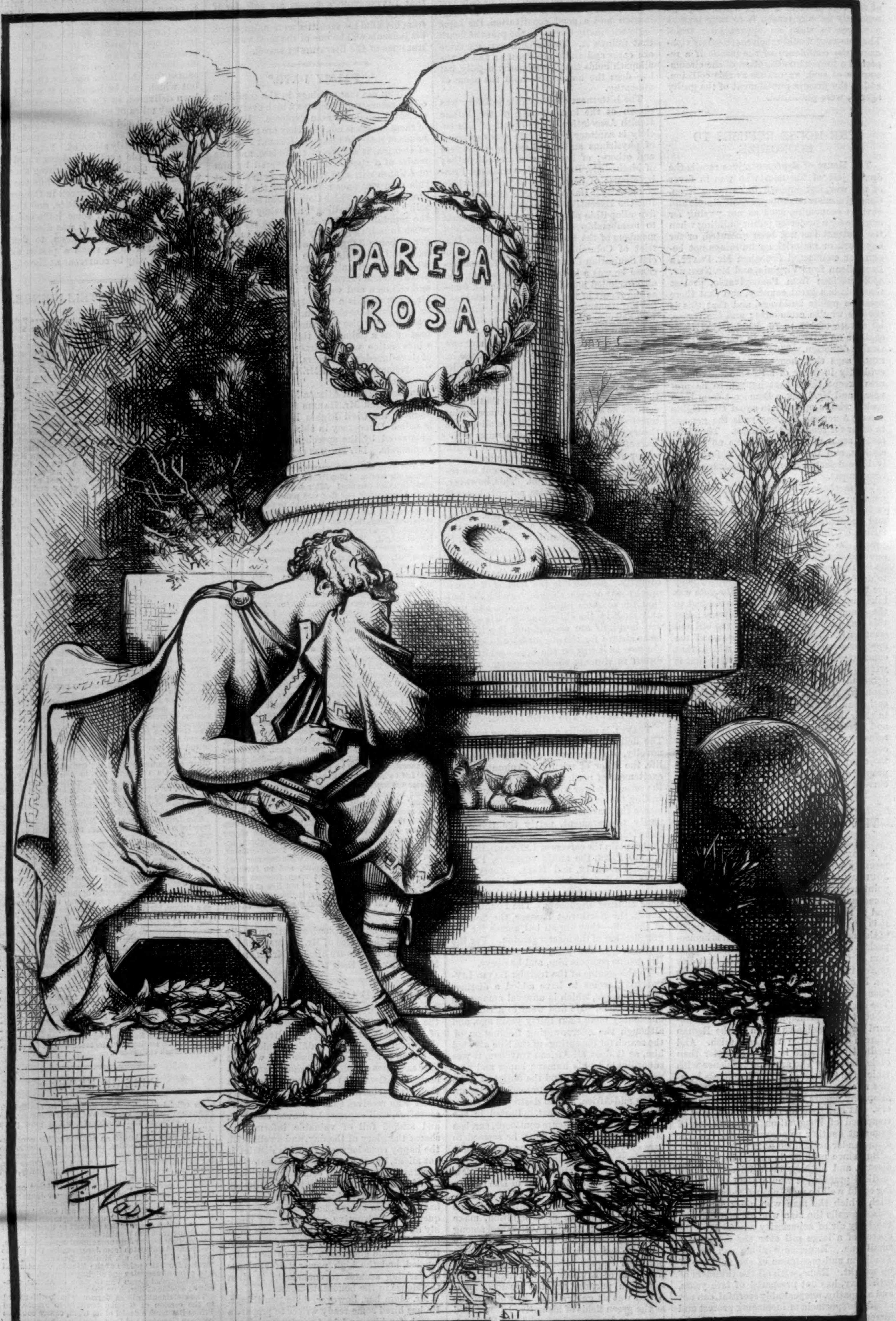
The report that the Carlists have captured Santander is denied. It is now reported through Carlist sources that the city authorities are negotiating to raise 2,000,000 pesetas, which the royalists demand as their price for abstaining from the bombardment of the city.

C. W. Brooks, the Japanese consul at San Francisco, has received a dispatch from Japan stating that on the evening of the 14th ult. Minister Iwakura, while returning from the palace of the Mikado, was attacked by a party of assassins and slightly wounded.

Field-Marshal Baron Von Gablenz, of Austria, committed suicide at Zurich on the 29th ult.

The statement in Della Marmora's book with regard to the cession of German territory to France, and Prince Bismarck's denial of its truth, causes coolness between Germany and Italy.

The health of King Lunalilo, of the Sandwich Islands, is reported much improved.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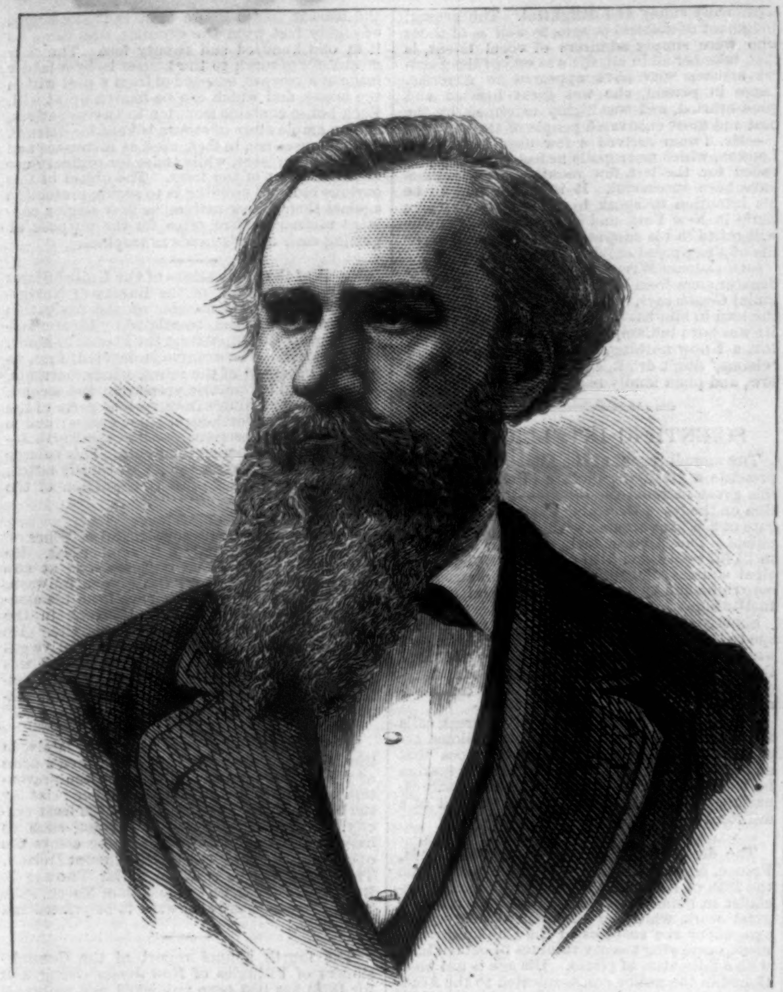
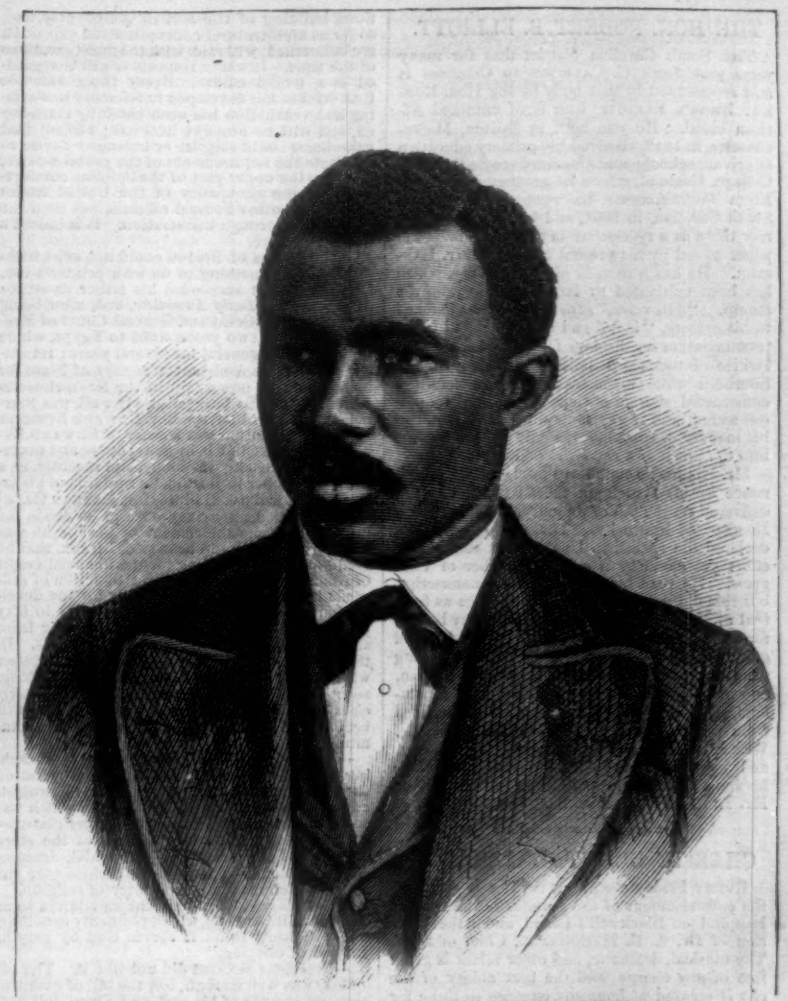


THE HON. ROBERT E. WITHERS, OF VIRGINIA.
[From a Photograph by D. H. Anderson, Richmond, Va.]



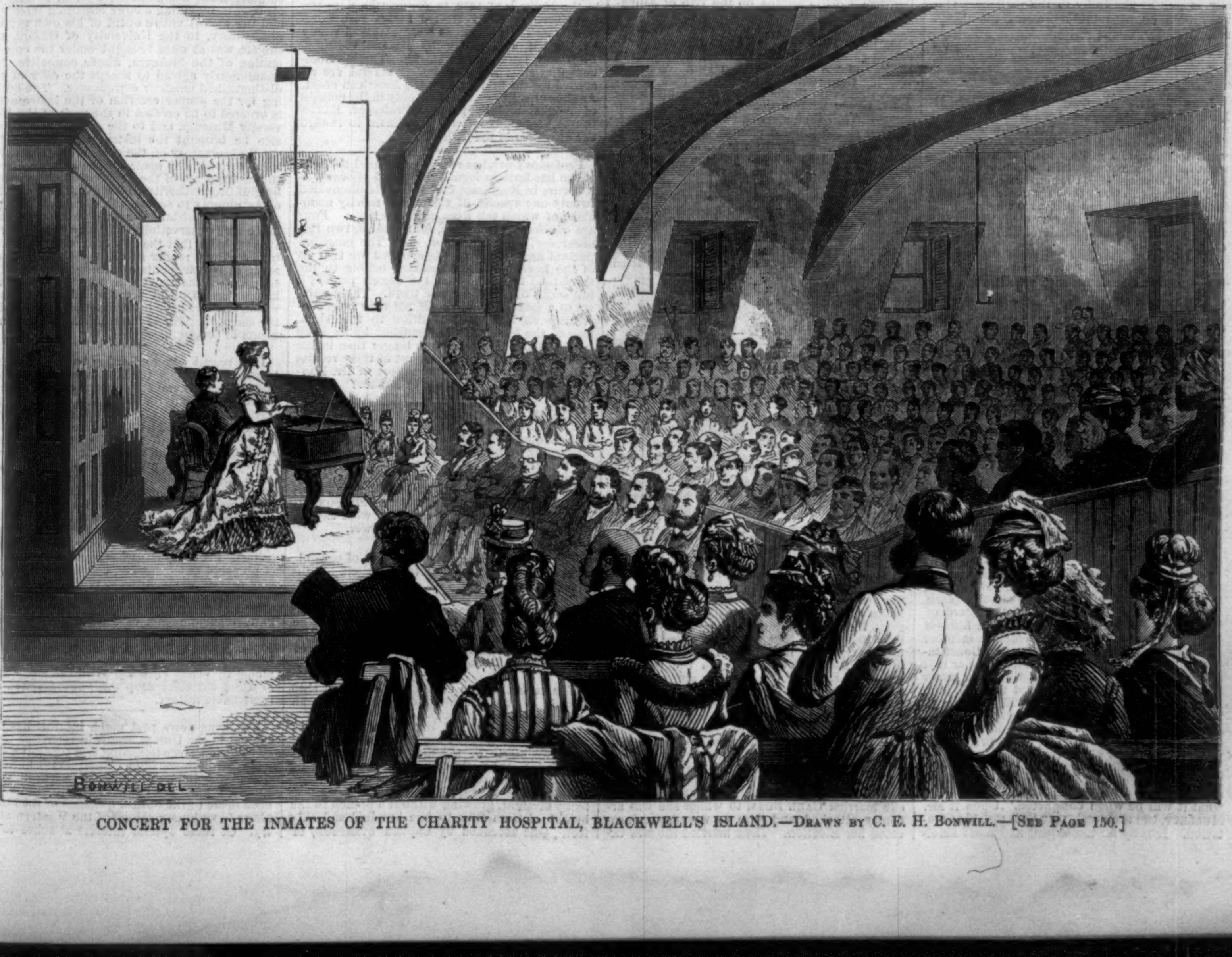
THE HON. ROBERT BROWN ELLIOTT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
From a Photograph by Gardner, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 150.]

THE HON. ROBERT E. WITHERS.

Lieutenant-Governor Robert E. Withers, who has just been elected United States Senator from Virginia, was born in Campbell County, in that State, 1821, and is therefore in the fifty-third year of his age, but in appearance looks much younger. He graduated as a student of medicine at the University of Virginia in 1841, and practiced his profession in his native county for fifteen years. From Campbell County Dr. Withers removed to Danville, Virginia, where, at the breaking out of the late war, he was practicing medicine. He laid down the scalpel and took up the sword, and went to Richmond at the head of a battalion of volunteers. Subsequently he was made Colonel of the Eighteenth regiment of Virginia Infantry, and was in all the battles from the first Manassas to Gaines's Mill, where he was desperately wounded, and incapacitated for duty for a long time. Being unfit for field duty thereafter, he was assigned to the post of Danville, Virginia, and had charge of all the prisons and hospitals until his surrender to General Wright, in April, 1865.

In 1866 Colonel Withers became editor of the Lynchburg (Virginia) *News*, and subsequently of the Richmond *Enquirer*. In the spring of 1868 he was nominated for Governor of Virginia, and canvassed the State in opposition to the adoption of the "Underwood Constitution." Before a vote was had, General Canby, the military commander of the district, postponed the election, and the "Liberal movement" springing up, which contemplated a fusion of the Liberal Republicans and the Democrats in opposition to the radical party, and Colonel Withers being what was regarded as too ultra a Southerner for the times, he withdrew, at the solicitation of his friends, in favor of Colonel Gilbert C. Walker, the nominee of the Liberals.

In the last State campaign Colonel Withers was placed on the Conservative ticket with General James L. Kemper, as Lieutenant-Governor, and was elected by a large majority. He took the oath of office January 1, 1874. On the 13th of January, 1874, after a very warm contest, he was elected by the Legislature to the Senate of the United States, as successor to the Hon. John F. Lewis, Republican, and takes his seat March 4, 1875.


Bonwill del.

CONCERT FOR THE INMATES OF THE CHARITY HOSPITAL, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.—Drawn by C. E. H. Bonwill.—[See Page 150.]

THE HON. ROBERT B. ELLIOTT.

The South Carolina district that for many years sent John C. Calhoun to Congress is now represented in that body by the Hon. Robert Brown Elliott, who is of unmixed African blood. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1842, received his primary education at private schools, and afterward studied at Eton College, England, where he graduated in 1859. From Massachusetts he went to Charleston, South Carolina, in 1866, and began his new career there as a type-setter in the office of a newspaper edited by his present colleague, Mr. Ransier. He has a natural gift for oratory, which has been cultivated by large experience on the stump. "His voice," says one who has listened to his oratory, "is full and agreeable, and in his pronunciation he displays far less of the peculiarities of the negro dialect than many of the Southern white members. His sentences are constructed with an obvious regard for euphonious sound, and if any fault were to be found in his manner of speaking, it would be that he falls into too much of a cadenced delivery."

Mr. Elliott's name was brought into prominence by his speech on the Civil Rights Bill, delivered on the 6th of January, in reply to Mr. Harris, of Kentucky. Those who heard him declared the speech to be the most remarkable effort yet made by a colored member of Congress. He read his remarks from manuscript, but this did not detract from their force as from that of Mr. Stephens's speech of the day before, for he made use of all the orator's art, voice, and gesture. He got a much more attentive hearing from the House than did the great Georgian, and was more than once applauded by the members, whose hand-clappings were at once echoed from the galleries, packed with colored people. When he sat down the applause was deafening, and many members rushed forward to shake his hand and congratulate him. A portrait of Mr. Elliott is given on the preceding page.

CHARITY HOSPITAL CONCERTS.

Every Friday evening a concert is given for the entertainment of the inmates of the Charity Hospital, on Blackwell's Island, under the direction of Dr. A. E. Macdonald, Chief of Staff. The musical, dramatic, and other talent is given free of any charge, and the best ability of the city is secured without any expense to those for whom the concerts are given. Invalids who had not been out of their beds for a long time, upon the introduction of these entertainments hobbled into the room on crutches, and the coming concerts are talked over and anticipated by them through the whole week. A decided gain in health and spirits is observed beyond ordinary since this scheme was begun. The audiences exhibit marks of approval by the applause usual to popular concerts. A limited number of tickets are sent to friends of the institution, who sit apart from the invalids. About 500 of the patients out of the 700 or 800 under treatment attend regularly. Patched eyes, bandaged heads, and crutches are to be seen scattered throughout the assemblage. The matron of the hospital affirms that the entertainments are a benefit morally as well as physically to the patients. Our illustration on page 149 represents the thirty-second concert of the series.

PERSONAL.

John G. Saxe lectured in Bloomington, Illinois, a few nights since, then went to bed, as any Saxe might do. After the preliminary nap a loud knock was heard at his door. He arose, went to door, saw mellow man with bottle in right hand, fifty cents in left. Mellow man said he was "Colonel J——, the hero of Fort Pillow," and tendering J. G. S. the fifty cents, requested him to do the lecture again, as he hadn't been able to attend. J. G. S. surveyed the bloodthirsty hero up one pantaloon and down the other,

> "And even swore
> That he never before
> Had met in his life such a terrible bore,"

after which he evicted the tipsy col-o-nel from the presence, and resumed "tired nature's" etc., etc.

—President Eliot says the new Memorial Hall at Cambridge is by far the grandest college hall in the world, and proposes to put it to immediate daily use as a common hall for undergraduates who take their meals together.

—One of our Philadelphia exchanges, speaking of Mr. M. Hall Stanton, of that city, a prominent candidate on the Republican side for Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania, says: "He is very favorably spoken of in this connection by leaders of the Republican party, and by the papers of that party in various parts of the State. In this city, we presume, a majority, if not all, of the delegates to the Convention to nominate a Lieutenant-Governor will support Mr. Stanton, and the indications are that he will be chosen as the Republican candidate. Such a result would be eminently proper. Mr. Stanton is a gentleman of sound sense and much experience in public affairs, having filled various important offices with credit to himself and the public. As President of the Board of Education, Mr. Stanton has acquitted himself with honor, and he made an efficient member of the Convention that framed the new Constitution. It would be eminently fit and proper that he should be made Lieutenant-Governor under the instrument which he helped to form, and, if elected, we feel sure that he will do honor to the office. Besides having the requisite ability, Mr. Stanton possesses sterling honesty, being entirely above suspicion, and in his private and personal character above reproach."

—The magnificent proportions of the new Post-office are now so fully developed as to enable the public to comprehend and appreciate what it will be when completed. Upon it Mr. Mullett, the architect, may well rest his reputation. It is by far the largest and most ambitious building of the sort in the country, and, so far as architectural conception and execution are concerned, will rank with the finest creations of the time. In other respects it will be regarded as a model edifice. Every thing valuable that science has developed in reference to warming and ventilation has been carefully considered, and will be brought into use; and all that experience could suggest or ingenuity devise to facilitate the requirements of the postal service, or make the upper part of the building comfortable for the occupancy of the United States courts and other Federal officials, has been the subject of thorough deliberation. It is indeed a noble structure.

—The Hales of Boston could not exist without having something to do with printer's ink. Charles Hale succeeded his father as editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, and, after being Speaker of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts for two years, went to Egypt, where he was consul-general for several years; returned, and became Assistant Secretary of State for a while, and is now again in the Massachusetts Legislature. His best point, after all, was journalism. His brother, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale (their mother was a sister of Edward Everett), has been at it in newspapers and magazines ever since he was a boy, and recently, at a printers' supper in Boston, he said this of his father: "If I had asked him [Hon. Nathan Hale] the day he died, after sixty years of service in the ranks, of which achievement of his life he was most proud, he would have said, I think, that he could have done nothing for the financial credit of America, nothing for the introduction of railroads into New England, nothing for the development of this city of his pride, unless in fifty years he had created the *Daily Advertiser* from almost nothing to be the power which it is. In that period he had shown that the newspaper which never *insults any body, never libels any body, never pretends that its guesses are true, never interviews a public man, and never tells a lie*, may still become the leader of opinion in a Christian community."

—The Bishop of London has "views." Preaching, as is his custom, at St. Paul's Cathedral on the first Sunday evening in the year, he protested against sentimentality in religion, which was so prevalent among some of the upper classes—a religion which, having nothing of the stern realities of life or of real self-denial, dreamed over devotional books, and the architecture and music which made up the poetry of religion.

—Professor Ruskin has sent an address to an Aberdeen Bible-class, which pointedly concludes thus: "Don't think it serves God by praying instead of obeying."

—President M'Cosh did not like it. The bill of fare was well enough, but the bill of company was not exactly of his sort, or he wouldn't say: "I was obliged once to sit two whole hours at a dinner beside a lady with a blazing crimson gown, loaded all over with jewelry. The lady had an awful incapacity for conversation, and I never see that gaudy color without thinking of the lady, and yawning as I recall the terrible long two hours I had with her, starting topic after topic without a response. The very idea of a dinner company brings to my mind that table groaning with rich food, with ten kinds of wine, and all the delicacies of the season—*i. e.*, with very unseasonable lamb in January—and ever since I get terribly alarmed for a stupid meeting when I see a gross display of eatables and drinkables having no quality but a vulgar and sinful expensiveness." The President M'Cosh should come to New York to dine. We *never* have any such people at dinner as the one draped in red.

—The death of the Siamese Twins, at Greensborough, North Carolina, on the 17th of January, has brought their names into the columns of every journal in the country. They were sixty-three years old. Their mother bore seventeen children. At one time she gave birth to three, and never to less than two. After attracting the attention of scientific men in Europe, they came to the United States, and made a handsome competence by exhibiting themselves. They then married two sisters, and settled on a well-stocked plantation in Salisbury, North Carolina. Up to the period that each had five children all prospered well enough, but one of them had a sixth, which made such trouble that the sisters, not being ligatured like their husbands, would no longer live under the same roof. A few years since they corresponded with some of the leading surgeons in Europe as to the possibility of being disunited. At the request of a London surgeon, they visited that city, and many experiments were tried to determine the safety of such an operation. Among other things, a ligature was tied firmly for a few minutes around the connection between them, so as to prevent the circulation of blood through the artery, but it seemed as if each would expire if this were persisted in. One of them fainted away, and lost all consciousness, and there were symptoms that the same effect would follow to the other, and the dangerous experiment was abandoned. They some years ago joined the Baptist church in their neighborhood, and were considered very worthy members.

—Mr. Wilkie Collins has abandoned his contemplated trip to California, long journeys by rail being too much for his constitution, his by-laws, and his rules of order. After lifting up his voice in Boston, he will give a few readings in New England, and after the apple blossoms begin to show, will turn his face toward the old country.

—The death of Madame Parepa-Rosa, in London, on the 22d of January, removes from the lyric stage one of the most brilliant and successful singers of the time. She came of a musical family, and was from the outset educated for the operatic stage. Her *début* took place at Malta in 1855, at the age of sixteen, and was a great triumph. So constant and thorough had been her tuition that before her *début* she had memorized the melodies of forty principal operas. She afterward sang in the principal cities of Europe, always with applause, and finally came to the United States in 1866, under the management of Mr. Bateman, appearing first at Steinway Hall in company with Levy, the cornet-player, and Carl Rosa, the violinist. Her career in this country has never been surpassed either for artistic or pecuniary success. To her we are indebted for the presentation of English opera with a fullness and completeness unprecedented in the United States. In 1867 she married Carl Rosa, to whom she was ardently attached, and who as warmly reciprocated her affection. Their married life was exceptionally sunny and delightful. The general judgment of musical people, as well as of those who were simply admirers of vocal talent, is that, take her all in all, she was one of the greatest artistes who have appeared in America. Large in person, she was great-hearted and good-hearted, and was highly esteemed by the best and most cultivated people of the country.

—Mr. Twain arrived a few days since from London, which metropolis he has profitably pervaded for the last few months. His lectures have been successful. It is understood to be his intention to speak his piece two or three times in New York and Boston, after which he will retire to his adopted Hartford, and live the life of a pampered child of luxury.

—Of Colonel Withers, the new United States Senator elect from Virginia, the Lexington (Virginia) *Gazette* says, "He was shot in the war, and the lead in him has been a cork and not a sinker. He was born in Campbell, doctored in Appomattox, a Know-nothing, wounded, had a heap of 'claims,' don't drink, a poor speaker, clever fellow, and plain family nag—safe and decent."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The annual report of the Library of Congress presents a gratifying picture of the growth of this great national establishment, an enumeration on the 1st of December exhibiting an aggregate of 258,752 volumes, with about 48,000 pamphlets. The increase during the year amounted to 12,407 books and 5436 pamphlets. The principal sources of supply were by purchase, by copyright, and by deposits from the Smithsonian Institution.

Shortly after the fire which did so much damage to the Smithsonian building an arrangement was made for the transfer of its library to that at the Capitol, and since then the additions, as received, are turned over to the same establishment.

Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, calls attention to the urgent need for additional accommodations for the books, and hopes that measures may be initiated at the present session for the construction of a building sufficiently capacious to permit the proper arrangement of a million volumes.

The death of Mr. Claude Gay, at Deffends, France, is announced as having taken place on the 29th of November. This gentleman, a specialist in botany, is perhaps best known by the great work which he commenced many years ago, under the auspices of the Chilian government, occupying twenty volumes of octavo text, with a folio atlas of plates. His age is not mentioned in the notice communicated to the Academy of Sciences, but it must have been considerably over eighty.

We have also in the same number of the *Comptes Rendus* a notice of the death of another member, namely, Professor C. F. Naumann, a correspondent in the section of Mineralogy, which took place at Dresden on the 4th of December.

The Academy of Sciences of Paris has elected Mr. J. N. Lockyer and M. Roche as corresponding members of the section of Astronomy. Messrs. Angström and Billet were chosen in the section of Physical Science, to fill places vacant by the death of Mr. Hansteen and the election of Sir C. Wheatstone to a foreign associateship.

Professor Eaton has just published a list of the marine algæ collected near Eastport, Maine, in the summer of 1872, in connection with the investigations of the United States Fish Commission. The specimens were gathered partly by himself and partly by Messrs. Verrill, Prudden, Isham, and Palmer. The list numbers fifty-six species, of which several are recorded for the first time on the American coast. As the collections were made only in the months of August and September, Professor Eaton thinks that many species yet remain to reward the diligence of the gatherer.

Professor Cope has recently explored the beds of the late tertiary formation, called pliocene, as it occurs in Northeast Colorado. He discovered twenty-one species of vertebrata, mostly mammals, of which ten were new to science. Four are *carnivora*, six horses, four camels, two rhinoceroses, one a mastodon, etc. The most important anatomical results attained are that all of the horses of the formation belong to the three-toed type, and that the camels possess a full series of upper incisor teeth. The discovery of a mastodon, of the *M. ohioticus* type, constitutes an important addition to the fauna. One of the horses is distinguished by its large head and slender legs, much longer than in the common horse. A full account of these results will shortly appear in the report of Dr. Hayden's Geological Survey of Colorado.

Burdin, an eminent French mathematician and engineer, died on the 22d of November last, at Clermont-Ferrand, at the age of eighty-five. According to the *Athenæum*, he has been but little prominent of late years, but is worthy of note as being the first to construct turbine water-wheels. He anticipated Poncelet and Coriolis in their labors; and before Ericsson undertook the subject was occupied with experiments on heated air as a motive power.

The increasing scarcity of lobsters of marketable size on the coast of New England has induced efforts on the part of many persons interested to secure the passage of a law to protect them against capture. Mr. W. W. Whielden, of Concord, Massachusetts, has taken the matter in hand, and is securing signatures to a petition to the Legislature for the enactment of the necessary law on the subject.

The report of the cruise of the British ship *Blanche* among the Solomon Islands gives an account of a visit to one of the tree villages peculiar to Isabel Island, one of the group. At the summit of a rocky mountain, rising almost perpendicularly to the height of about eight hundred feet, is situated a grove of gigantic trees, in the branches of which are houses of the people. The stems of these trees run up perfectly straight, growing without a branch to the height of from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. One ascended by Captain Stimpson, of the *Blanche*, had a house built in it at a height of eighty feet from the ground; one close to it at one hundred and twenty feet. The only means of approach to the houses is by a ladder made of a creeper, suspended from a post within the house, and which can be hauled up at will. Each house contains from ten to twelve natives, and an ample store of stones is kept for defense. These houses are, in fact, used as fortresses and for sleeping-places, while those for ordinary use are at the foot of the trees. The object of this curious mode of building is to secure protection against their fellow-natives, as they wage a constant mutual warfare, often for the purpose of getting each other's heads as trophies.

No. 45 of the publications of the United States Hydrographic Office, of the Bureau of Navigation, is an elaborate memoir on the navigation of the Atlantic Ocean, translated by Lieutenant-Commander Coghlan from the French of Mons. F. Labrosse. The volume is devoted, first, to a general account of the calms, winds, currents, icebergs, and barometric pressures; and second, to the different routes from various parts of the world to other portions of these coasts; and is divided into two sections—one on the North Atlantic, and the other on the South. This volume is a fit accompaniment to one previously noted, constituting a coast pilot to a portion of the shores of Brazil.

M. Chatelier, Inspector-General of Mines of France, died on the 16th of November last. He was distinguished as an engineer, and at one time was in charge of all the French railways, but was better known in science from his association with Sainte-Claire Deville in the manufacture of aluminum from bauxite. He devoted much attention to the regenerative gas furnace for the manufacture of steel, and was also prominent for his experiments on the cultivation of the Landes by the use of saline manures.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has lately, in the interest of the fishermen, established a prize of ten pounds for the best essay on the prevention of nets from rotting, and another prize for the best essay on killing fish with the least cruelty, particularly the larger species, such as basking-sharks, sunfish, etc. These essays are open to public competition throughout Ireland. The essays will be received by Mr. Thomas F. Brady, of Dublin, up to the 30th of March, 1874. The prize essays are afterward to be printed and published.

The fourth annual report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of New Jersey (being that for 1873) has just been published, and embraces the proceedings in reference to the protection of the fisheries throughout the State. Owing to the absence of funds for the purpose, nothing was done by the State in the way of restocking its waters with shad or other useful food fishes; but one of the Commissioners, Dr. J. H. Slack, in the employ of the United States Fish Commissioner, was engaged during the summer in hatching shad in the Delaware River, and in transferring a portion of them thence to tributaries of the Ohio in Western Pennsylvania. Dr. Slack likewise hatched out, at his establishment in Bloomsbury, 40,000 eggs of the Penobscot salmon furnished by the United States Commissioner, and placed 18,000 in the waters of Musconetnong Creek, a tributary of the Delaware, and 15,000 in the head waters of the Raritan.

Mr. Delarue having in the course of last summer made a munificent offer of several instruments, including a large reflecting telescope and the almost entire outfit of his own private observatory, to the University of Oxford, the subject was at once brought under the consideration of the Museum, whose committee has unanimously agreed to accept the offer of the distinguished amateur astronomer. The building for the proper erection of the instruments is ordered to be erected in the park of the University Museum, and to the same building will also be brought the instruments now in the small observatory on the east side of the building. Provision is made for the regular use of the instruments of the new Oxford Observatory by granting authority to the Savillian Professor of Astronomy to secure, at the rate of £200 per annum, an assistant for five years, who shall make such observations as he may judge proper. It is probable that the new observatory thus established will render special service to astronomy in the departments of photography, spectroscopy, photometry, etc., as contrasted with the labors carried on at the Radcliff Observatory, which are, and have been, especially confined to the use of meridional instruments and measurements of precision.

In a recent communication to the Royal Astronomical Society the Astronomer Royal explained the general state of the official government preparations for the transit of Venus. Six stations, including one in Northern India, have been recommended by him, three of these being in the Sandwich Islands, respectively distant about 300 miles from each other. The *Challenger* surveying party is now about to visit Australia and a number of islands in the Southern Pacific Ocean, and it is expected that the reports from that vessel will assist in the final selection of the other stations. The Admiralty will, he says, have nothing to do with any station where there is no anchorage, and where there are no human beings. Professor Airy has had a working model prepared at Greenwich, consisting of a black disk moved by clock-work, representing Venus in its passage across the sun's face. In observations by this artificial transit apparatus the well-known phenomenon of the black ligament or black drop came out as a very marked feature of the contact between these two bodies. Lord Lindsay also showed some photographs of a model of Venus entering upon the solar limb, in which the black drop was photographed as a remarkable feature.

For some years past much interest has been excited in the United States in reference to the erection of a large telescope, and possibly a complete astronomical observatory, on the high portion of the Rocky Mountains. As preliminary to this, a number of careful examinations have been made of the optical qualities of the atmosphere in various portions of the Western country. Of these special interest attaches to the expedition of Professor Davidson of the Coast Survey, whose report to the California Academy of Sciences states that the meteorological tables kept at Summit Station, on the Sierra Nevada, 7042 feet above the sea, during the year ending November, 1867, show that out of 358 days and nights only eighty-eight were cloudy, nearly all of these occurring in the winter months, during which the snow-fall was about forty-five feet, the winter not being unusually mild. The summer weather is very pleasant, the nights cool, and the atmosphere wonderfully clear. The mountain flanks are covered with verdure during the summer, and there is freedom from great clouds of dust. Professor Davidson says that, owing to the steadiness of the atmosphere, observations at this elevated point would in one or two nights be of greater value than the results of six months' observations at lower stations. Higher and perhaps more desirable positions exist in the immediate neighborhood of Summit Station; and the interest excited by Mr. Davidson's report probably has, to a considerable extent, influenced the determination announced in a recent letter of Mr. James Lick, the well-known millionaire of San Francisco. This gentleman has indicated in a letter to the California Academy of Sciences, and again in a letter to Professor Joseph Henry, his desire to establish an observatory in the best possible location, and provide it with the largest and finest astronomical instruments. He proposes to this end to set aside one million dollars as a permanent endowment fund. This is a monument and a renown which few are rich and wise enough to achieve for themselves, and it is greatly to be hoped that the founder of the Lick Observatory may live to enjoy the congratulations of his State and country.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The entire Christian world will hear with sorrow the announcement of the death of the famous missionary and explorer, David Livingstone. The report which reaches us states that he died of dysentery, after severe exposure in a flooded region, on the way from Lake Bembe to Unyanyembe. The report, at first disbelieved, is now generally credited. Dr. Livingstone was of poor but worthy parentage, and was born at Blantyre, Scotland, in the year 1817. By the exercise of much self-denial his father succeeded in giving him a university education. He graduated, and was ordained a medical missionary in the year 1840. His preference was for China, but he was sent by the London Missionary Society to South Africa. Here Livingstone met with and married the daughter of the veteran missionary Moffatt. His first tour of importance was across the Kalahari Desert, in 1849. Three years after, in 1852, in company with an escort of Makololo, he traversed the continent, first to the west coast, and then along the Zambesi to the east side, where this river empties into the Indian Ocean. Returning to England, he published his first volume of travels. All classes of his countrymen vied with each other in showing him honor. Having made ample preparations, he started, in company with his wife, to explore the region watered by the Rovuma and other rivers on the east side of Africa. During this expedition Mrs. Livingstone died of fever. Dr. Livingstone returned once more to England, and, after a brief interval, set out upon his last expedition, which had for its object the tracing of the connection between the lakes which he had discovered in the interior of the continent and the sources of the Nile. How far he had solved the Nile problem we shall not know until his journals are published. He will take rank as one of the greatest explorers of all time, and still higher rank as one of the most earnest and self-sacrificing of Christian missionaries.

All accounts of the sinking of the steamer *Ville du Havre*, and the subsequent loss of the *Loch Earn*, concur in ascribing to the Rev. Emile F. Cook the rarest heroism. Mr. Cook was quickly rescued, but finding that Pastor Weiss, of Paris, was seriously injured, he determined to remain with his friend on board the disabled vessel. Very soon after the *Trimountain* left the scene of the disaster, the *Loch Earn* was found to be in a sinking condition. A young man who was on board writes thus of their experiences: "Two clergymen were on board. One, Mr. Cook, a truly good man, did all he could to encourage their hearts. Every day at noon he gathered them together, and earnestly, by prayer, strove to lead them to the Saviour. They knew that very shortly the ship must go down. The wind had changed, bringing them nearer the track of ships; but they had little hopes of being saved. Mr. Cook told them of his own hope—that death to him would be eternal life; and he entreated them to trust in Him who was mighty to save." Cheering them at the same time with the hope of a rescue, he and all on board had the good fortune to be transferred to the *British Queen* just before the *Loch Earn* went down. Upon his return to Paris Mr. Cook's health was found to be so shattered that he was ordered immediately to the south of France. At the last accounts he was recovering his strength.

The religious awakening in Edinburgh which has followed the labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, of Chicago, has assumed large proportions. The *Christian World* says: "A noonday meeting was recently held in the Free Assembly Hall, a building capable of holding upward of two thousand people. It continued for six hours, and was crowded to the close, while many were unable to obtain admission. Addresses were delivered by minister after minister, as well as by Mr. Moody, testifying to the remarkable religious earnestness which had been awakened in Edinburgh, and to the blessed results which appeared, so far as could yet be judged, to have followed. The interest excited over a wide district in the capital has spread to the surrounding country, and parties have come from Glasgow, Galashiels, Brechin, and other places forty or fifty miles distant, to observe for themselves the character of the movement. Excitement is said to be specially guarded against, and the addresses delivered may be described as plain, pointed Gospel appeals. On the 23d ult. a private meeting was held in Glasgow of about one hundred ministers and laymen from all the evangelical churches, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, the leading man in the Free Church of Scotland, in order to arrange for a visit from Messrs. Moody and Sankey to that city. The visit will, it is expected, be paid during this month."

The Manchester *Guardian* of January 14 states it as "an extraordinary fact" in connection with this religious awakening, that it has reached the highest scale of society. "Noblemen, advocates, physicians, students, and merchants" are all moved by it. Besides the noonday meeting, three, four, and even five meetings have been held each evening. The methods used are such as are well known in the United States, but seem to be novel in Scotland.

The Prussian papers have published what purports to be a Papal Bull issued by Pius IX. in 1870, and intended to prescribe the place and mode of electing his successor. The method of electing a pope being already determined by former popes, Pius absolves the present College of Cardinals from observing it. The Bull then goes on to say: "Thus they are hereby permitted to fix the day of the future election, to settle upon the observance or non-observance of the 'clausera,' and to arrange all things in connection with the timely and free election of the Roman Pontiff. As regards the place where such election is to be held, it shall remain free to him on whom, as is proper, the duty devolves after our death, to fix on any spot he may deem advisable, if, as we fear may be the case, the elections can not be freely conducted in Rome, be such spot in the principality of Monaco, some French town, or even in Malta, so the liberty necessary for the accomplishment of so holy a work may be assured."

It is claimed by the Catholic papers that this pretended Bull is a forgery; but, on the other hand, it is intrinsically probable that the Pope, in view of the difficulties surrounding the next election, has given all needful directions for securing such a successor as he prefers. Having fought the governments of Europe for so many years, he will not be likely to risk the overturning of his policy by their interference in the settlement of the succession.

A Methodist preacher has been the first person to make a successful ascent of the great equatorial snow mountain of Africa, Kilimanjaro. It must be that the habit of itinerating fits the ministers of this communion for mountain climbing. However that may be, the minister in question, the Rev. Charles New, a missionary of the United Methodist Free Churches of England, was a member of the Livingstone relief expedition sent out by England. Of the accomplishment of the ascent he writes, "I can not describe the sensation that thrilled my heart at that moment. Hurrah!" Mr. New has prepared a very readable volume of his travels, which is published by Hodder & Stoughton, London.

The sixth annual meeting of the United States branch of the Evangelical Alliance was held in this city on Monday, January 26. The Hon. William E. Dodge was re-elected president, with a large number of vice-presidents, and a numerous executive committee. The annual report presented the gratifying intelligence that, after payment of the expenses of the recent Conference, a surplus of over $9000 remained in the treasury.

The Young Men's Christian Association of this city has attained its majority, having celebrated its twenty-first anniversary on Tuesday evening, January 27, with the attendance of a crowded audience. Its present number of members is 4500; the receipts from all sources during 1873 were $30,748, the expenditures $22,360, leaving a balance of over $8000 for general purposes. During the year 1873 the association placed its rooms at the disposal of the Evangelical Alliance, and added thereto the services of its officers. Under its direction aid was also sent to the sufferers from yellow fever in Memphis, Shreveport, and other towns in the Southwest. In this work of charity Mr. Vincent Collyer personally represented the association. It has also done much to obtain and to enforce the law for the suppression of obscene literature. Under the operation of this law over one hundred arrests have been made, and more than $9000 of fines imposed. This work has now been assumed by another association.

Dr. Talmage's new Tabernacle is approaching completion, and will be dedicated on the 22d of February. It is 150 feet by 112, and will accommodate 4000 persons. Among the peculiarities of its construction are eight staircases, which lead to the galleries, and are on the outside of the main building. At present Dr. Talmage's congregation worship in the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

In his sermon to children, delivered in Westminster Abbey, Dean Stanley told a story of the late Mrs. Somerville which our Mr. Bergh might turn to good account. A short time before her death she said, "I hope that the time may come when children shall be taught that mercy to birds and beasts is part of religion." There is in this short sentence a text for many sermons.

Professor Christlieb, of the University of Bonn, whose eloquent address before the late Conference of the Evangelical Alliance will be long remembered, has written a letter to the *Christliche Botschafter*, of Dayton, Ohio, on the objections made to Christian missions in Germany. He had been supposed to share in the opposition to the labors of American Christians in the field of the German State Church. Dr. Christlieb protests that such an opinion misrepresents him. He says:

"To scatter all doubt, I declare, in short, that in all congregations where superstition and infidelity are preached; or in those where, through a lifeless orthodoxy, personal pastoral care is neglected; and, finally, in all which are much too large, so that the most zealous pastors could not do individual pastoral work, and the State Church has been guilty of the neglect of not doubling the number of its spiritual workers in proportion to the fast-increasing population (as, for instance, in some of the parishes of Berlin or Hamburg), it can be but desirable to the true Christian, who thinks more highly of the kingdom of God than of his own special Church, if other evangelical Churches send able preachers into the partly neglected field.

"And what I intended by my remarks, and for which I also entreat you to use your influence, as far as it extends, is simply this—that the American brethren might instruct their messengers to go only to places where souls are *really starving*, in order to obviate offenses and the useless waste of precious strength, while all around a large field lies fallow. At such places certainly the right of the great divine Shepherd, who in ancient times called to be prophets whom he would, especially when the priests did not do their duty, and the general command of the Lord to preach the Gospel to every creature, clearly supersede all pretensions of human and ecclesiastical authorities to the exclusive working of the Lord's vineyard. No Church which does not properly care for its field has a right to complain when it is taken from or made smaller for them."

This is a candid declaration upon a subject in relation to which German Protestants have shown no little sensitiveness.

A Jewish rabbi, who has made a profession of Christianity, was installed pastor of a Baptist mission church in this city on Sunday, January 25.

The Rev. Newman Hall was heartily received by his congregation upon his recent return to Surrey Chapel. He stated that the amount asked in the United States for the building of the Lincoln Memorial Tower—£4000—had been secured.

A Bengal famine fund has been organized in England, and distribution has been undertaken by the Church Missionary Society through its agents in India. The districts in which scarcity is apprehended contain a population of twenty-six millions. Sir Bartle Frere has said that "if the difficulties set forth in the records of the Irish famine are multiplied by five, the result will give what is now to be encountered." A plentiful rain-fall during the winter months may relieve the distress, but a large amount of suffering is inevitable.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The impressive scene which recently transpired at Chiselhurst, on the occasion of the second burial of Napoleon III., is graphically described by English journalists, who give detailed accounts of the ceremonies. On January 9 the early trains from London conveyed to the little village of Chiselhurst large numbers of persons attired in deep mourning, and bearing crosses and wreaths of violets or immortelles. St. Mary's Church was soon filled, with the exception of seats designed for the imperial household. The altar was covered with sombre-hued velvet, relieved only by the customary white edging and silken cross. The coffin of the Emperor, covered with a purple velvet pall, ornamented with golden bees and the imperial crown, was partly visible in the church through the black curtain which hung over the entrance to the sacristy. On it rested one large bouquet of violets. Many noble visitors were present, and to the left of the altar sat five princes of the imperial family—Lucien, Charles Bonaparte, Lucien Murat, Louis Murat, and Jérome. When the Prince Imperial entered, the congregation rose to receive him. He advanced to the priedieu, inside the precincts of the altar, where he knelt while the solemn funeral services proceeded. But the Empress was not visible at this time—she was alone in the sacristy with the coffin of her husband, where, unseen, she could witness all that transpired in the church. When the moment came for the removal of the body to the little chapel, the choir sang softly, while the members of the imperial household grouped themselves around the coffin, and, preceded by the priests and bishop, surrounded by candles, and amidst a cloud of incense, bore it slowly to its last resting-place. In accordance with a desire expressed by Napoleon that he might be laid upon French soil, earth had been brought from the Garden of the Tuileries, and placed in the bottom of the sarcophagus. After the coffin was lowered into the tomb the Empress appeared, attended by her spiritual adviser, and evidently deeply affected. With her son she passed into the chapel, where she took a last look at the coffin, sprinkled it with holy-water, and then retired, followed by the Prince and his suit. The congregation then moved through the chapel, and the slate slab which forms the inner lining to the cover of the sarcophagus was fastened in its place with cement, the four corners being further secured with black wax, stamped with the imperial seal. The ceremonies were concluded by placing the top of the tomb in its proper position. The sarcophagus, which is cut from red granite, is, with the exception of the raised cross on the lid, quite plain, and bears only a simple inscription indicating that beneath lie the remains of one of the Napoleons.

The recent sad accident in Brooklyn, resulting in the death of three boys, is a warning to boys and their parents. A company of young lads were indulging in the pleasure of skating on a pond which had but a thin coating of ice. The frail crust soon gave way, immersing several. All but three were seasonably rescued. The weather this winter is so variable that skaters need to take unusual care for safety.

Vesuvius—according to reports from Professor Palmieri, who is constantly watching its various changes—is now unusually active. No fire has yet been visible, but a spiral column of smoke indicates that it is not very far from the surface. A visitor in Naples remarks:

"Watching the mountain last evening in the moonlight, it was impossible to conceive a more beautiful and, I must add, a more alarmingly interesting picture. Every thing around seemed, as it were, to be tamed and holding breath. The bay, which has so often and so furiously raged, was as a lake or a sheet of glass—not a ripple was to be seen or heard. Not a cloud appeared in the sky to dim the brilliancy of the moon, or to obscure the magnificent sight of the dense column of smoke that streamed up from the crater."

One would not suppose that the demand for artificial eyes could be very large. Yet the sale in Paris of artificial eyes amounts to no less than four hundred a week. Large numbers are also exported to India, and even to the Sandwich Islands. The best-made eyes command a high price, but there is even a demand for second-hand eyes!

The large store of arms which has been deposited at the Tower of London is to be removed to Woolwich, and the ancient armor which has long been on exhibition there will soon be taken to South Kensington. A proposal was made to remove the crown jewels from the Tower, but this was thought to be too serious a violation of the traditions of the place, as its character as a museum for visitors would in that case be utterly destroyed.

Miss Rye still pursues her work of helping little ones in the "old country" to good homes in Canada. The little girls are in great demand. In general, all are growing into respectable members of society. The children seldom receive harsh treatment, but are more often overindulged by those who adopt them.

Perhaps the largest and most extensively illustrated Bible in the world is owned by a New York bibliopole, but offered to purchasers for the price of $10,000. It forms sixty imperial folio volumes. This unique work contains upward of 30,000 plates, original drawings in oil, water-colors, and pencil, specimens of early, rare, and curious Bibles, etchings, engravings on steel and copper, mezzotints, etc. Many of the plates and embellishments are choice specimens by great masters, and, if offered separately, would readily bring from $25 to $100 apiece. The Rembrandt etchings alone constitute a rare and valuable collection. The book was originally the three-volume edition of the Bible published by Dr. Kitto in London in 1836, to which a London bibliopole named Gibbs has devoted himself for over thirty years in the task of embellishing by the careful inlaying of valuable plates, until the three volumes have been extended to sixty.

During this changeable season, when there is an alternation of cold, warm, rainy, and foggy days, it is worth while to know that the *Medical Record* cites a number of cases in which borax has proved a most effectual remedy in certain forms of colds. In sudden hoarseness or loss of voice from colds, speakers and singers have often obtained relief by slowly dissolving and partially swallowing a lump of borax the size of a pea before speaking or singing. This produces a profuse secretion of saliva, or "watering" of the mouth and throat, probably restoring the voice or tone to the dried vocal cords, just as "wetting" brings back the missing notes to a flute when it is too dry.

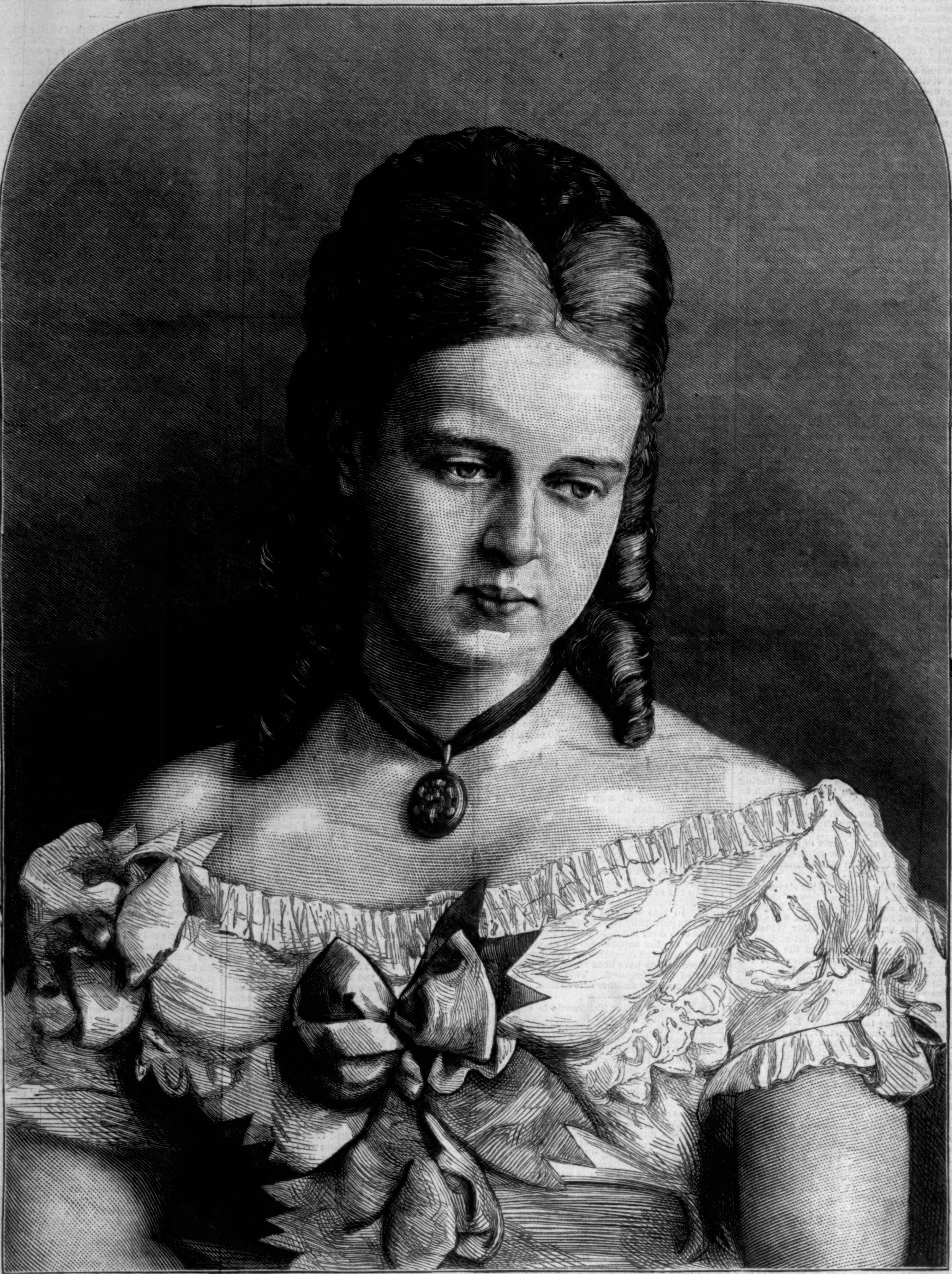
There are manuscript sermons existing, a couple of centuries old, which have certain marginal directions, which indicate that the saying of some old abbé was not unauthorized, namely, that "a clever preacher ought to know when to cough, spit, or sneeze with effect," as any one of these expedients may be the means of extricating him from a difficulty. In the margins of some of these old sermons are written the words "hem, hem," which seem to authorize a relief, or a cough merely for effect. "Here fall back in your seat," "Start up," "Shout here," "Shake the pulpit soundly," "Gaze at the crucifix fiercely," are specimens of other marginal directions.

Statements have recently been published concerning the present condition of Louis Kossuth, which represent him as in indigent circumstances, struggling for a livelihood, and as lonely and deserted. These things are contradicted by a relative of Kossuth, who says that he is both comfortably and pleasantly situated with his two sons; that he has enough of his own to afford him an independent support, but that his sons are only too glad to share all they have with their revered father. Kossuth, though old in years, is fresh in spirits, and is remembered affectionately by his countrymen.

A very curious book is just now in course of publication by two French firms and one London firm. It is a manual of the Chinese mandarin language, compiled after Ollendorff's method. The editor is M. Charles Rudy, of Paris, a member of all the principal Asiatic and linguistic societies. The object of this publication is to teach English to the Chinese. The pronunciation has been one of the points most carefully noted, several small reading-books of tales and fables accompanying the series, which both in idea and execution are certainly original.

Lozenges sold in shops and on street corners, and continually offered to passengers in railway cars, are frequently wrapped in green paper. The *Journal of Chemistry* states that it has subjected a wrapper of this kind to a chemical analysis. The whole wrapper for a single roll of lozenges contained twenty square inches. Sixteen square inches were found to contain 2.34 grains of metallic arsenic, sufficient to destroy the life of an adult. It is evident how very dangerous it must be to put such papers of confectionery into the hands of children.

A magnificent railway carriage has just been finished in London as a gift to the Sultan of Turkey from the share-holders of the Smyrna and Cassaba Railway Company. It is finished in the most superb manner down to the minutest detail. The body of the carriage is of teak wood, beautifully fitted together. The panels are of papier-maché, of a light lavender color, with golden mouldings. The centres of the panels are neat devices, colored green and red, relieved by gilding, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the whole surrounding the Sultan's monogram, beautifully picked out in gold. Above the panels are ornamental plate-glass windows, divided by latticed panels, profusely ornamented with golden stars. At the end of the carriage is a small balcony, surrounded by a light and elegant wrought-iron railing, in lavender, red, and gold, and bearing the Sultan's monogram. The interior of the carriage is divided into three compartments—the state saloon, a retiring-room for the Sultan, and a small compartment for his personal attendants. The state saloon is fitted up in a most magnificent style, the roof being entirely covered with amber-colored silk damask, bearing the emblem of Turkey—the Star and Crescent. A splendid Axminster carpet covers the floor, and the sides are covered with sky-blue satin, drawn in by golden-colored buttons. Sofas and ottomans to match are placed in various positions, additional splendor being imparted to them by heavy silk and gold fringes, which hang nearly to the floor. At night light will be derived from three large Silber lamps in the roof. Blue silken curtains are fitted to each window, which are also furnished with elegant Venetian blinds. In this saloon also are two tables of quaint and rare design, one of which bears the inscription, in English, "Presented, with my fellow and the saloon carriage, to his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, by the ordinary share-holders of the Smyrna and Cassaba Railway Company." The Sultan's retiring-room is a small compartment, entirely surrounded by mirrors, the floor being covered with a large cushion or mattress of sky-blue satin. Divided from this by tapestried curtains is a still smaller compartment fitted with dressing and other appliances. The compartment devoted to the Sultan's attendants is furnished with lounges covered with dark morocco leather, and this opens into the balcony before mentioned.



THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE OF RUSSIA.

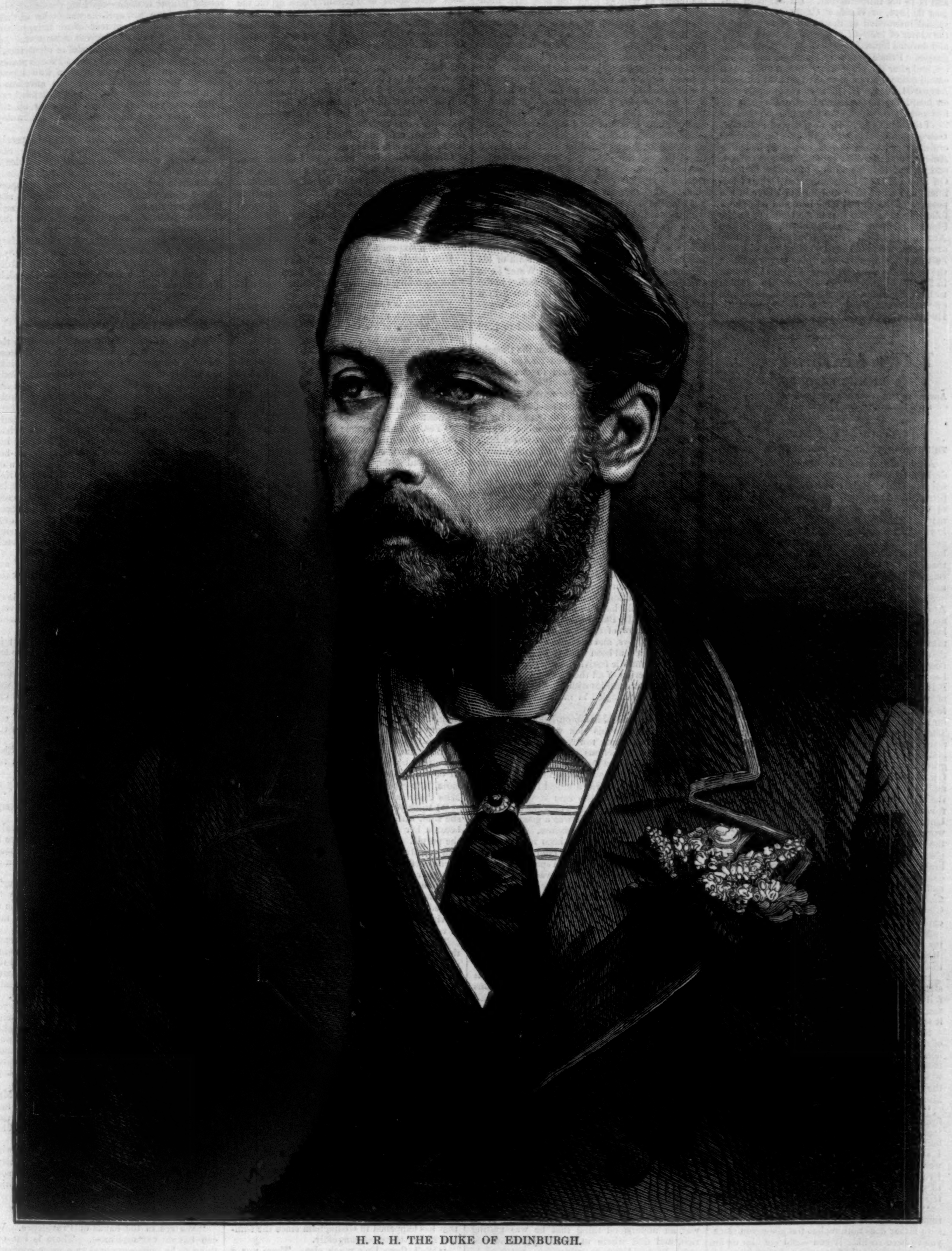
ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

The marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie was solemnized on the 23d of January at St. Petersburg. The ceremony commenced at noon, in the presence of a vast assemblage of guests, in the Winter Palace. The various galleries were filled with ladies sumptuously attired. The prevailing costumes were the peculiarly Russian ones, the ladies being mainly in velvet and diamonds, and the men were in uniform, with the exception of the American diplomatists. After assembling, the procession was formed, with grand equerries and Chamberlain's officers of the court leading. Then came the Emperor, Empress, Imperial Prince and Princess, the Prince of Wales, Princes Imperial of Germany and Denmark, and Prince Arthur; then the bride and bridegroom, the latter wearing the Russian naval uniform. The bride was splendidly appareled in a long crimson velvet mantle, trimmed with ermine, and wore a diamond coronet. Her train was borne by four pages. Then followed in immense procession the imperial family, princes, princesses, and court officials—the Imperial Russian Prince wearing the uniform of the Cuirassiers, the Prince of Wales, in scarlet, a British uniform, the Prussian Prince Imperial that of a Russian colonel—all decorated with the Russian Order of St. Andrew. The Princess of Wales was dressed in dark crimson velvet, with a diamond coronet and collar, and pearl necklace. The Imperial German Princess was dressed in the same style. The Russian Imperial Princess's dress was of blue velvet and gold. Prince Arthur, in the uniform of the Rifle Brigade, acted as groomsman. All wore silver wedding favors.

The procession, upon reaching the chapel of the palace, was received by the Metropolitan Head of the Russian Church, the Holy Synod bearing crosses and sacred vessels of holy-water. The Emperor conducted the bride and bridegroom to the middle of the church, assuming his station, with the Empress immediately behind. Around the bridegroom stood Prince Arthur and the Grand Dukes. The wedding-rings, borne on golden salvers, were deposited on the altar temporarily by the imperial confessor, until placed on the fingers of the bride and bridegroom. The magnificent chapel was illuminated with innumerable wax-candles, the floor covered with a velvet crimson and gold carpet, the pillars and altar covered with gold.

The Greek marriage ceremony was unique. In the absence of music, chants and intoned prayers were given. During the service crowns were held suspended over the heads of the bridal pair, Prince Arthur holding the crown over the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Grand Duke Sergius that over the bride. The imperial confessor then said:

"Thou servant of God, Alfred Ernest Albert, art crowned for this handmaiden of God,



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Marie-Alexandrovna, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Prince Arthur becoming tired holding the heavy crown, was relieved. Then the epistle to the Ephesians, fifth chapter and twentieth to twenty-third verses, was read.

After the reading of the epistle was concluded, the gospel of the marriage at Cana of Galilee was read. Then the crowns were removed, the marriage couple walked thrice around the raised dais, holding the tip of the confessor's robe with one hand, and a candle in the other.

At the conclusion of this ceremony the sacramental cup was brought forward, blessed, and partaken of by the bridal pair, the confessor presenting the cross, which both kissed. The deacon gave an eloquent admonition on marriage duties. Afterward a chant was sung by the choir, "Glory to Thee, O Lord!" concluding with the benediction. Thus ended the Greek service.

The procession then slowly formed, proceeding to the Hall of Alexander, for the Anglican service. Dean Stanley, of Westminster Abbey, officiated. The hall was rather small. The walls were decorated with battle pictures. Dean Stanley, who, during the Greek service, wore his Episcopal Doctor of Divinity hood and gown, now appeared at the altar wearing his Episcopal surplice, with the jeweled collar of the Order of the Bath around his neck. He was assisted by two resident English clergymen.

Members of the English colony, including bankers and merchants, gathered at the left of the altar. Conspicuous among them were Governor Jewell, American minister, Lord Loftus, the English minister, and the corps diplomatique. Especially noticeable was Prince Gortschakoff for his venerable appearance, surrounded by leading members of the Russian nobility, gathered on the right side of the altar. The Episcopal chants were sung by Russian choristers—lads in long crimson dresses. When the marriage procession entered, the bride was between her father and the bridegroom, with Prince Arthur behind. The service concluded, Dean Stanley warmly congratulated the couple.

The Grand Duchess Marie-Alexandrovna, the bride, now Duchess of Edinburgh, is the fourth child and only daughter of the Czar of Russia. She was born on October 17, 1853, and is now, therefore, in her twenty-first year. In accordance with what seems a curious custom in the imperial family of Russia, she has a military rank, her grade in the army being chief of the regiment of the Fourteenth Lancers of Jambourg. She is handsome, of lady-like appearance, and is credited with the possession of a sweet, amiable disposition. Her private fortune amounts to £20,000 a year and a dowry of £200,000.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, is the second son of Queen Victoria and the late Prince Albert, and is in his thirtieth year. He was born August 6, 1844, at Windsor Castle, and received special instruction at the hands of tutors until the winter of 1856–57, when he went to Geneva, and devoted himself to studying the modern languages. Prince ALFRED selected the naval service, and after the preparatory studies and a strict examination, he was appointed a naval cadet on August 31, 1858. His first sea experiences were on board the screw steam-frigate *Euryalus*, of fifty-one guns, which ship he joined on October 27 of the same year. He next served in the *St. George* on several foreign stations. During these cruisings he visited several countries, including America and the West Indies. He was offered, and he declined, the throne of Greece in 1862. On May 24, 1866, he was created Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Kent and Earl of Ulster in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and on June 8 following he took his seat in the House of Lords. Since 1867, up to within a few months ago, Prince ALFRED has been engaged in making a tour around the world in the frigate *Galatea*, of which he was captain—that being his present rank in the royal navy—and which sailed from Plymouth in February of the year mentioned. In addition to his other titles, Prince ALFRED is also Duke of Saxony and Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He is, moreover, a colonel in the Prussian army.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

THE GRASS WITHERETH, THE FLOWER FADETH.

As summer changed to autumn, and autumn darkened into winter again, a gloomy shadow fell upon Mr. Bain's orderly home, in High Street, Monkhampton, the forewarning shadow of death. Mrs. Bain, the gentle, thoughtful, managing house-mother, had surrendered the keys of store cupboards and china closets, wine cellar and cellaret, and there were those in the household who felt that she had relinquished them for the last time. Never more would she reign with quiet, unobtrusive sway in the narrow, undivided kingdom of home.

She had returned from Cannes at the end of April, wonderfully benefited by the milder climate of Southern France. Her friends were loud in their congratulations. She had found a means of cure, or at least of permanent alleviation of her complaints. Asthma or bronchitis need trouble her no more. She had only to pack her trunks, and depart like the swallows, save for that incumbrance of luggage, at the approach of winter. The doctor, Mr. Stimpson, agreed to this with some faint reservation. It is not for a family doctor to damp his patient's spirits. There is your family doctor, sympathetic and pensive, who gazes at you with deploring eyes, and appears to think you on the verge of the grave; and there is also the cheerful and jocose family doctor, who talks loud even in sick-rooms, and affects to believe there is hardly any thing the matter with you. Mr. Stimpson was a cheerful doctor, and a great favorite in Monkhampton. Unhappily this particular winter came upon the world with hardly a note of warning, tripping up the heels of autumn as it were; and while people were congratulating one another on the fine bracing autumnal weather, the frost-fiend suddenly tweaked them by the nose, and fogs which, had they known their place, would have held themselves in reserve for the dark days before Christmas, enveloped the close of October with a chilly gloom.

Mrs. Bain was taken ill with her chronic asthma before October was ended, and Mr. Stimpson declared decisively that the intended emigration to Cannes was out of the question this year.

"She couldn't bear the journey in her present state," he said to Shadrach Bain, who seemed full of anxiety, though he said little about his fears; "and by the time we get her round again, it will be too late in the year for her to travel."

So instead of departing to the pleasant shores of the Mediterranean, Mrs. Bain was confined to her own chamber, a large and comfortable apartment, overlooking the high street, from whose windows, when she was well enough to sit up, the invalid could see all that constituted life in Monkhampton.

"It's better than going abroad to be away from you all," Mrs. Bain said to her daughters, "and we are in the Lord's hands all the same here as in a better climate. If it is His pleasure I shall get through the winter, Monkhampton won't kill me, and if it's His pleasure to take me, I shall be content to go. I feel myself a burden to your father, my dears. A sick wife is nothing but a burden."

"You oughtn't to say such things, mother," remonstrated Matilda Jane, tearfully; "I'm sure father does nothing but fret about you since you've been so ill. If you could see him as he sits at table, so full of thought and trouble, you'd know how he takes your illness to heart."

"I do know that, my dear," replied Mrs. Bain, to whom her husband was chief among men, always just, always to be honored, "and that's why I feel it will be a blessing for you all when it pleases God to remove me. Your father will know that he has done his duty to me, and been the best of husbands, and he'll soon leave off fretting. People easily make up their minds to a loss when the thing has happened. It's beforehand they feel the most pain, while there's a little bit of hope mixed with their fears. No trouble that God ever calls upon us to suffer is half so bad to bear as we think it is beforehand."

And then, with many pious maxims and quotations from Holy Writ, words which came from the heart as well as from the lips, Mrs. Bain strove to console her daughters in advance for the loss which she felt very sure must ere long befall them. She was a woman of deep religious feeling, so thoroughly sincere and earnest that the formal phrases of Methodism had no sound of cant when she uttered them. It had been her greatest pride and her sweetest joy to bring up her children in the love and fear of the Lord. That sublime phrase was written on her heart—"In the love and fear of the Lord." And from no thought or action of her life was the influence of religion ever absent. Her simple, thrifty, unselfish life had been ruled on what she herself called Gospel principles. She had been a bounteous friend to the poor of Monkhampton; a Dorcas in simplicity of living and attire—never choosing the best for herself—taking no more heed for her raiment than the lilies, and content with a homelier garb than that wherewith God decks the flowers of the field.

The only pang she had ever felt on her husband's account was the fear that he was somewhat given to worldliness; that, in spite of his regular attendance at the chapel in Water Lane twice every Sabbath, and on two evenings in the week, the things of this world had too firm a hold upon his spirit; that his bank-book occupied almost as important a place in his thoughts as his Bible, willing though he seemed to read the morning and evening chapter.

"I could bear poverty better than the thought that your father cared too much for the things of this world," Mrs. Bain said to one of her daughters, plaintively.

The girl defended her father warmly.

"I think that is going a little too far, mother," she answered. "It's people's duty to get on in life, especially when they have families to provide for. I sometimes wish father was a little more worldly-minded, and would let us ride on horseback, as the Misses Horshaw do, and even follow the hounds."

Mrs. Bain sighed, and moaned something about the incongruity of horsemanship and Biblical Christianity. She always came back to the Bible for strength in every argument, and in the Bible chariots and horses were generally associated with wickedness and the Egyptians and the Philistines. She had done her utmost to teach her children the transitory joys of this life; and here was her Matilda Jane, her first-born, hankering for horsemanship, and even eager to hunt some innocent animal to death.

No man could have been a better or kinder husband than Mr. Bain in this mournful winter, when the shadow of approaching death forbade all Christmas joys, and made the season doubly sad, because it had been wont to be enlivened by some mild domestic festivity, extra good dinners, a family gathering of all the Pawkers and Bains, and those other families with which Pawkers and Bains had intermingled in the solemn bonds of matrimony.

Every one in Monkhampton lauded Shadrach Bain's devotion to his sick wife. It was the habit of those simple towns-folk to survey and remark upon the actions of their neighbors, as if all the houses had been verily of glass; and all Monkhampton agreed that in his character of husband Shadrach was a model for his fellow-townsmen. The Baptists said it was because Mr. Bain was a Baptist. The Church of Englanders declared that Bain was a good fellow in spite of his Methodistical nonsense.

It was known that he had been ready to take his wife to Cannes when her fatal illness came upon her; it was known that he spent his leisure evenings in her sick-room; it was known that he had summoned Dr. Pollintory from Rougemount, the county town, to hold a consultation with Mr. Stimpson, not once, but three times, since Mrs. Bain had kept her room. What could domestic affection do more than this?

The twenty years which had gone by since his father's death had done much to strengthen Mr. Bain's standing in Monkhampton. A man can not go on living in a substantial square-built house, and paying his way, and bringing up sons and daughters, without winning the respect of his fellow-townsmen.

It was known that every year which came to an end beheld an increase in Mr. Bain's worldly goods. The addition to his possessions might be much or little, but it was a well-known fact that Shadrach Bain saved money. He bought little odd bits of land here and there in obscure corners of the town—here half an acre and there a quarter, and here a dilapidated old house, only fit to be pulled down—until he had in a manner coiled himself in and out of the town like a serpent, so that no new street could have been planned in Monkhampton that would not cut through Shadrach Bain's property. Go to the right, or turn to the left, you must come upon some spot of earth that was the freehold of Shadrach Bain.

He had bought two or three speculative properties within the last year, perhaps hardly amounting altogether to three thousand pounds; yet it was an understood thing that he was getting rich, and that where in former years he had crept, he now began to stride.

A very dismal house was the habitation of the Bain family that winter. They all loved the mother, and to miss her quiet presence was to lose the key-stone of the domestic arch. "Father," too, was beyond measure dull and self-absorbed. He rarely spoke to his daughters; he seemed unconscious of the existence of his sons, save in their capacity as his clerks, in which, to use their own unlicensed language, he was "down upon them to an awful extent." He worked in his office in all kinds of unlawful hours, and only entered the family dining-room to eat his unsocial and hurried meal, and to leave directly he had eaten.

The Perriam estate occupied him more closely than ever this winter, and two days in every week were spent at Perriam Place or on the Perriam lands, riding the baronet's once cherished Splinter, which was kept in condition by Mr. Bain's occasional use. On these days he always took his luncheon at the Place, and sometimes shared that mid-day meal with the reluctant Lady Perriam. She felt that he was of use to her—that but for him her position would be a great deal worse than it was—and she schooled herself to be civil, friendly even, in her manner to him; yet lurking in her heart there was always the same undefined fear of him, the same deep-rooted conviction that he knew her better than any one else in the world.

One day when they were seated at luncheon, far apart at the long dining-table, but alone and unattended, Mr. Bain spoke of Edmund Standen.

"A very fine young fellow that," he said, "and a first-rate man of business, which one would hardly have expected of a lad brought up at his mother's apron-string. Edmund Standen would have come to the front if he had started in life without a sixpence."

How deeply that phrase hit Sylvia, remembering as she did her own cowardly fears, her own weak shrinking from the mere possibility of misfortune.

"Standen is to be manager at the bank next year, I'm told, and Sanderson goes to Rougemount, in place of Mr. Curlew, who retires. He'll get six or seven hundred a year, no doubt, as manager. A nice thing, considering his mother's money, which must all come to him by-and-by. I suppose he'll marry that little girl he's so sweet upon."

"Do you mean Miss Rochdale?" asked Sylvia, very pale, not knowing what he might tell her next.

"Yes, that's the name; the pretty little dark-eyed girl who lives with his mother."

"They have been brought up together like brother and sister," said Sylvia. "They could hardly think of marrying, I should fancy."

"Should you? It's the common talk that they're engaged. I used to meet them strolling in the lanes round Hedingham in the summer evenings; but perhaps it was only in brotherly and sisterly companionship."

Sylvia answered not a word. What should she say? She had no desire to question Shadrach Bain. If this thing were true, the knowledge of it must reach her soon enough—too soon, let it come when it would. She shrank from receiving her death-blow through Mr. Bain.

"I could bear any thing but that," she thought, meaning Edmund's marriage with any one except herself. "I could endure life-long separation from him, but not to know that he was happy with another."

She could now venture to send for Mary Peter, the Hedingham dress-maker, without fear of reproof from Sir Aubrey, who need know nothing of that young person's coming. She summoned Mary on the day after this conversation with Mr. Bain, and received her in the morning-room on the ground-floor, that chilly apartment which the last Lady Perriam had adorned with a collection of shells and sea-weeds in two ebony cabinets, and a neat book-case, containing about two dozen of the dullest imaginable books. Here, remote from Sir Aubrey's ken, Sylvia could detain Miss Peter as long as she pleased.

"I want you to make a dress for me, Mary," she said, with that lofty yet gracious air which became her as well as if she had been born in the purple. "Sir Aubrey insisted upon my employing Mrs. Bowker, of Monkhampton, and I always defer to him even in small matters, but I like your style best, and I mean to employ you occasionally."

"I'm sure you're very kind, my lady," answered Mary, to whom the days when she and Sylvia had been companions seemed very far off, so vast was the distance between them now.

Then came a discussion about the fashion of the dress, and then the usual questions, asked with a languid air, as if the inquiry were made rather out of civility to Miss Peter than from any interest Lady Perriam felt in the subject.

"Any news at Hedingham, Mary?"

"Well, not much, my lady. You know there never is no news to speak of in our dreadful dull place. Mrs. Toynbee and the young ladies have been to Badden-Badden, and only came back in November, with all the Parisian fashions—and very 'ideous the Parisian fashions must be, judging from Mrs. Toynbee's bonnet, with not so much as an apology for a curtain, and flowers sprouting out where you'd least expect to see them. It would be worth your while coming over to church just to look at Mrs. Toynbee's bonnet, and one can see that she thinks a deal of it too. But you never come to our church now, my lady."

"It's so far," said Sylvia. "I don't care about having the horses out on Sunday."

"That's very good of you," answered Mary, wonderingly. "I think if I had horses I should never have 'em in the stables, I should so enjoy riding about."

"Is Mrs. Toynbee's bonnet the only event that has happened in Hedingham since the summer?" Sylvia asked, languidly.

"Well, there isn't much else. There was a young gent from Oxford that staid at the Vicarage, and was thought to be courting the youngest Miss Vancourt, but he went away, and nothing came of all the talk. Hedingham *is* such a place for talk. They do say Mr. Standen is going to marry Miss Rochdale."

"I dare say that's true," said Sylvia, steeling herself against the pain that went along with every thought of that bitter possibility.

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure," replied Mary, meditatively. "It does seem rather likely, though, as you say, considering that he must have been so downhearted at losing you, and he couldn't better console himself than by marrying a nice young lady like Miss Rochdale. So kind as she's been to his sister's children too, like a second mother to them—teaching the little girls, and every thing, just as if she was no better than a nursery governess, instead of an independent young lady, with a nice income of her own."

"Oh, no doubt she is a model of all virtues," replied Sylvia, stung even by Mary Peter's praises of her rival. "A young woman who knows how to wind herself into people's affections; with her meek winning ways, and pretended unselfishness, yet seeking her own ends all the time. Just the kind of girl to succeed in any object she set her heart upon."

Mary Peter felt the bitterness in this speech, and prudently refrained from any reply. She asked some convenient question about the sleeve of the new dress, and then retired. Sylvia would gladly have detained her, to question her more closely upon what rumor said of Edmund and Esther, but she felt that she had said too much already—perhaps almost betrayed herself to this vulgar dress-maker.

"I do believe she still cares for him," Mary Peter said to herself as she went home with Sylvia's roll of silk under her arm. "She'd hardly have flown out like that about Miss Rochdale if she didn't."

CHAPTER XLI.

SYLVIA ASKS A QUESTION.

THAT feeble lamp of life which burned in the sick-chamber in High Street, Monkhampton, survived the gloom of deepest winter, now sinking almost to extinction, now flickering faintly back to life, now brightening so visibly that the anxious children began to hope for their mother's recovery. They might have her with them a few more years even yet, they thought. Early in February Mrs. Bain had improved so much as to come down stairs once more and occupy her accustomed place by the household hearth, but she was not strong enough for the resumption of the domestic keys, or the economical housewife's duties. All she could do was to instill principles of thrift into Matilda Jane, to impart old secrets of good management, wise saws that had been handed down to her by her mother, look over the butcher's book now and then, and sigh plaintively as she noted how the weekly totals had risen since her illness.

"I told cook what you said, mother," answered Matilda Jane, "and she said it was the gravy beef for your beef tea."

"My dear, the bills could hardly have been heavier if she'd boiled down a bullock. I'm very much afraid the servants have been eating meat suppers."

Delighted with this obvious improvement in his patient, and sincerely anxious to preserve the cherished wife for the anxious husband, whose devotion was a fact patent to all Monkhampton, Mr. Stimpson told Shadrach Bain that now was the time for his wife's removal to a milder climate.

"If you can get her out of the way of our east winds, we may have her strong again by the summer," said Mr. Stimpson, cheerily.

There was just a shade of uneasiness in Shadrach Bain's expression as he reflected on the doctor's suggestion.

"I thought our climate was pretty nearly as good a one as you could have," he said; "I didn't see much difference between Monkhampton and Cannes."

"Perhaps not, my dear Sir. In robust health like yours one is hardly conscious of change in temperature. Had you consulted the thermometer, you would have found that Cannes is six or seven degrees higher than Monkhampton."

"Very likely. If you think Mrs. Bain ought to go, she shall go, though it could hardly be more inconvenient than it is just now for me to take her. But she has been a good wife to me, and I wish to do my duty."

"Every body knows that," replied the doctor, with feeling. He had attended Shadrach Bain's family from the very beginning, had ushered the children upon the stage of life, and conducted them safely through all their infantile ailments, and was sincerely attached to the household.

"If she goes to Cannes, and improves as you think she will, is there any hope of her being spared for some years to come?" asked the anxious husband, with a watchful eye upon the practitioner's countenance. "I should like to know the truth. Patching a person up is one thing, and curing them is another. Have you any hope of a cure in this case?"

The doctor shook his head regretfully. Mrs. Bain had been one of his best patients—a small annuity to him for the last five years. Would that she could have lasted forever, and been handed down in reversion to his sons!

"My dear Mr. Bain," he said, overflowing with sympathy, "your dear good lady's malady has long been chronic. There can be no such thing as cure, but by escaping our cold spring we may carry her safely into the summer."

"To lose her when winter comes again. A poor hope, at best."

"We are in the hands of Providence. We can but do our uttermost. There is but one thing to be done—removal to a more congenial climate."

"And that you consider essential?"

"Most decidedly."

"Then it shall be done," said Mr. Bain. "However inconvenient, I'll take her over to Cannes myself. No one in Monkhampton shall be able to say I did less than my duty."

"Bravely spoken, my dear Sir. We all honor you for your devotion to your most estimable lady—a devotion equally cre[illegible]ble to you and its object," said Mr. Stimpson, as if he had been making an after-dinner speech.

Mr. Bain, who held, like Macbeth, that whatever was well done when done should be done quickly, announced his intention of starting with the invalid on the next day but one. The girls made haste to pack their mother's trunks, tearfully, yet not without hope. Cannes to their minds meant restoration to health. Matilda Jane was to stay at home and keep house, and rule the boys—a hardy race of grammar-school students with indescribable appetites. Clara Louisa was to accompany her mother as nurse and companion.

"After all," thought Mr. Bain, "I don't see that any thing can go wrong in my absence. Sir Aubrey is likely to hold out in his present condition for some time to come, and if there were any appearance of a change, Chapelain would write me word of it."

Chapelain, the valet, had a profound respect for the land-steward, whom he regarded as the actual master of Perriam Place. Sir Aubrey since his illness was but the shadow or eidolon of his former self. Lady Perriam had but little power, and what little she possessed she seemed to hold at the pleasure of Mr. Bain. The valet told himself, therefore, that Shadrach Bain was the idol before which he must bow down if he desired his service to be a profitable one.

Chapelain had reason to accord Mr. Bain even more subservience than is usually given by a time-serving domestic to the powers that be, for he was conscious of failings which if once discovered by the steward might lead to his swift doom and downfall. It may have been the joyless monotony of Perriam Place, or it may have been some inherent weakness in the man himself, but, whatever the cause, it is certain that since Sir Aubrey's illness Jean Chapelain had acquired the habit of taking more alcoholic liquid than was good for himself, or for the household in which he served. He had always liked his comfortable glass, but had kept the propensity tolerably well in check so long as he feared Sir Aubrey's scrutiny. But of late, since his master's eyes had grown dull and unseeing, Jean Chapelain had given the reins to his favorite vice, and had allowed that fatal charger to carry him very near the verge of ruin.

The Perriam cellars were too well guarded by the faithful white-haired old butler, who had held the keys for the last twenty years, for Mr. Chapelain to indulge his dangerous propensity at his master's cost. He had a certain allowance of beer and wine, and a liberal one, for servants, however faithful, are not apt to stint one another. They take a large view of servants'-hall rations. But any thing for which Mr. Chapelain craved beyond this ample allowance he had to provide for himself, and he did provide himself with some of the vilest brandy ever extracted from potatoes—brandy which was guiltless of grape juice, but which addled the valet's brain with a somewhat agreeable obfuscation, and took possession of his feet and legs, where it tortured him in the name of gout.

Little by little, tortured by the gout, and solaced by the brandy which produced the gout, Jean Chapelain fell away from his duties in Sir Aubrey's rooms.

The baronet, though apt to be peevish and at times exacting, was not a very troublesome invalid, and there were few services he required which Mrs. Carter could not perform to his liking. He had taken a wonderful fancy to the sick-nurse. Her quiet, unobtrusive manner, her soft voice, pleased him—even the subdued color of her garments and her pale refined face were agreeable to him. Sometimes, when his mind was a little weaker than usual, he would take her for his wife, address her as Sylvia, and remain unconscious of his error till Lady Perriam entered the room, when he would look wonderingly from one to the other.

Thus it happened, the sick-nurse being always on duty, that no one complained of Jean Chapelain's inattention. He dressed his master in the morning, but was very often out of the way when Sir Aubrey went to bed at night. On these occasions the gout furnished him with an ever-ready excuse.

"My legs have martyrized me the evening," he would say to Mrs. Carter, in his curious English, "and I could not to descend. I hope the Old did not ask me."

"The Old" was Mr. Chapelain's name for Sir Aubrey.

Mr. Bain left Monkhampton with his wife and daughter about the middle of February—nearly a year after Sir Aubrey's paralytic seizure, and about seven months after the birth of that baby heir, who had been baptized without pomp or splendor of any kind at the little church in the dell. At the baronet's express desire, repeated many times without variation, his infant son had been christened St. John Aubrey, the more surely to perpetuate that friendship which had obtained between Sir Aubrey's ancestor and the brilliant statesman.

The child had grown and flourished in the dull old house, a vigorous sapling. The servants were never tired of praising him. He had Sir Aubrey's blue eyes, or such eyes as Sir Aubrey's had been when they too looked joyously and ignorantly on life's glad morning. He had not inherited those wondrous hazel orbs of his mother, and indeed bore no resemblance to Sylvia either in feature or expression.

That interview with Mary Peter had told Lady Perriam very little about her lost lover, but when Miss Peter brought home the dress that had been intrusted to her for manufacture, the talk between the dress-maker and her patroness again fell upon Mr. Standen's affairs.

"I think it's a settled thing now, my lady," Miss Peter remarked, as she tried on the dress, and settled a fold here and pinched a trimming into place there.

"What is a settled thing?" asked Sylvia.

"Between Mr. Standen and Miss Rochdale. I met them out walking in Hedingham yesterday, quite like sweethearts."

"How do you mean like sweethearts?"

"Well, I don't know. He had such an attentive way with him, and was carrying her water-proof. Besides, it's in every body's mouth at Hedingham. Alice Cook got it from her father, and her father had it from Mr. Vancourt himself, and he'd be likely to know."

Sylvia said nothing, but suffered the business of trying on as quietly as if she had been a statue.

"They say it's to be in the spring, as soon as Mrs. Sargent leaves off crape. She'll have worn it more than a year and a half by that time."

"Unfasten the dress," said Sylvia, imperatively; "you've almost strangled me."

Her breath came thick and fast, as if the dress had indeed been tight enough to throttle her.

"Yet it isn't a bit tight about the throat," said Miss Peter, as she unfastened the body; "thirteen inches—your old measure."

After that day there came a restlessness upon Lady Perriam which she strove in vain to conquer. Were those two going to be married? That was the question which tormented her, the question which was perpetually repeating itself in her distracted mind. There were times when her own release seemed so near, when she believed that Sir Aubrey's sand ran low in the glass of Time. Yet what avail widowhood and liberty, if he whose love she counted upon regaining were to wed another before the day of her freedom?

She could not sit quietly at home to consider this question, but ordered her carriage, and told the man to drive to Cropley Common, a drive which must take her past Dean House and through Hedingham.

Nurse Tringfold and baby went with her, the customary companions of her drives; but to-day she took less notice than usual of the infantine St. John's endearing ways. She wrapped herself in her own thoughts, and sat looking out of the window with a gloomy brow.

They passed Dean House, but the untenanted windows looked blankly down at her, telling nothing of the interior. They drove through Hedingham without meeting a creature whom Sylvia knew, and thus on to Cropley Common, a noble stretch of broken ground, clothed with furze and heather, commanding the distant sea, and far to the left the little sandy bay and white-walled town of Didmouth.

Here, even in winter, it was pleasant to walk on the close-cropped turf, though not on the loose ragged gravel road up which the horses struggled with their load. Half-way up the hill the coachman stopped at a wind of the road where there was a bit of level which served as a landing-stage for vehicles, and here Lady Perriam and the nurse alighted for a walk on the common.

To-day Sylvia—never fond of the nurse's company—was particularly indisposed to be social. She walked on rapidly, with her light footstep, winding in and out among the hillocks and furze bushes, and leaving Nurse Tringfold in the distance, trying to pacify the complaining baby, who was afflicted by an obstinate bottom tooth.

How bare and desolate the landscape looked in the bleak winter! The day, which had been bright enough when they came, was now darkened by a cloud which threatened rain. Distant Didmouth gleamed whitely against a storm-charged sky. But Lady Perriam was singularly indifferent to that ominous darkening of the heavens. She had walked about half a mile away from Nurse Tringfold and the carriage, when she was awakened from a profound reverie by big drops of rain.

She had neither cloak nor umbrella, nor was there any nearer shelter than the carriage: not even a gypsy encampment or a hawker's cart within view.

Sylvia looked round her helplessly, not very much minding the rain, but with a sense of desolation at being thus alone and unprotected.

The sky had darkened almost to night. They had started for their drive directly after luncheon, yet it seemed evening already.

While she was thus looking round, a dark figure came between her and the sombre sky, a figure armed with that indispensable companion for a west country pedestrian, a large umbrella.

"Let me take you back to your carriage, Lady Perriam," said the pedestrian. He was that one man whose voice Sir Aubrey's wife most feared, most longed, to hear.

The sound of that voice coming suddenly upon her took her breath away. That he should speak to her at all seemed wonderful. To her mind—remembering that bitter look in the church-yard—it would have appeared more natural that he should pass her by and leave her to battle with the elements alone. But he had spoken to her, and she determined that she would not part from him till she had resolved the doubt which tortured her.

"You are very kind, Mr. Standen," she answered, with well-assumed indifference. "Yes, I shall be very grateful for the shelter of your umbrella. This kind of down-pour is rather overwhelming."

Edmund Standen held his umbrella over Lady Perriam's head, but did not offer her his arm. He had not desired such a meeting—nay, would gladly have avoided it; but he could hardly leave his sometime love to be half drowned on Cropley Common. There was nothing romantic in their encounter. Indeed, that umbrella shared between them savored of the ridiculous.

"Where did you leave your carriage, Lady Perriam?" asked Mr. Standen. He seemed to find a pleasure in giving her the benefit of her title.

"At the bend of the road, half-way up the hill; I can hardly see my way back to it."

"You may trust yourself to my guidance. I know Cropley Common very well indeed. I often come here for a lonely ramble."

After this he could hardly avoid offering Sylvia his arm. The ground was rugged and slippery with the rain; her feet stumbled now and then.

She felt that the time was short. If she wanted to speak, she must speak quickly, no matter how abrupt her questioning might seem.

"I wonder you have any time for lonely rambles," she said; "I hear you are very much occupied."

"With the business of the bank? Yes, I work rather hard there sometimes. However, I like the work."

"But I heard that you had another and pleasanter occupation for your time in the society of a young lady to whom you are engaged to be married."

"Pray who is that young lady?" Edmund asked, coolly.

"Miss Rochdale."

"And from whom did you hear the report?"

"From common rumor."

"Common rumor is a common liar. I am not engaged to Miss Rochdale."

"Nor likely to be?"

"I will not say as much as that. There is no knowing when a man who has missed his first chance of happiness may seek a milder form of joy in a second venture. There is only one summer in a man's life, but autumn is sometimes a warm and genial season. There is that serene and beautiful autumn which is called an Indian summer. I may have my Indian summer yet."

"With Miss Rochdale, I suppose," said Sylvia.

"Why not with Miss Rochdale? She is a girl who might make any man's happiness, one would think—pretty, amiable, refined, intellectual, unselfish. What more can a man ask for in the wife of his choice?"

"I see rumor has not been false, Mr. Standen."

"Why do you trouble yourself about my fate now, Lady Perriam? It gave you very little concern a year and a half ago, when you married Sir Aubrey. As you did not think about my happiness then, you need hardly consider it now. I live, you see; that is something. Here we are at your carriage."

The footman opened the carriage door. Edmund saw the baby, splendid in purple and fine linen, fast asleep just now, and therefore a picture of infantine serenity. He touched the round, soft cheek gently with his finger, unseen by the mother, whose eyes, gloomy and despairing, were cast down.

Lady Perriam hardly thanked him for the shelter of his umbrella, hardly replied to his courteous "Good-evening," and was driven away through rain and darkness with a gnawing pain at her heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ASHANTEES.

The social institutions of Ashantee bear a strong resemblance to those which exist in other parts of Africa. Slavery, therefore, holds a prominent position among them. Slaves are made in a variety of ways. Prisoners of war, if not executed, become slaves. Misconduct and debt are fruitful sources of slavery. But from these causes many are slaves only for a time. A man may purge himself from his misconduct, or free himself from debt, and then he is no longer a slave. But with the Ashantees there is a system of pawning of liberty. For money, or for an advance of merchandise, a man may pawn his wife and children, or himself. And these pawns are virtually slaves until they are redeemed. But the greater number of slaves have been brought from the interior by the slave merchants, who are mostly Mohammedans. They are procured in the first instance in the usual way. Tribe wars with tribe, and the captives are sold to the merchants; or the merchants themselves make war on their own account for the sole purpose of getting slaves. At Ashantee, where gold is plentiful, where the very streets of Coomassie are said to be impregnated with the precious metal, a ready market is found for slaves. It has become the fashion with the great men of the tribe to multiply slaves, so that it is not uncommon for one man to own more than a thousand. But slavery with them is not so degrading as with more civilized people. Sometimes it is merely nominal; and for the most part the slaves are simply regarded as dependents, who on state occasions constitute their master's retinue, and follow him to war. In no case does slavery bear the opprobrium in Africa—that is, among the Africans—that it does in other parts of the world. The distinction between master and slave is not so broad. Of course there are African masters who are cruel; but the instances are rare, and where they exist cruelty is restrained by the same superstitious dread of witchcraft which keeps the king in check.

Polygamy is another popular institution with the Ashantees. As a man is raised in the scale of Ashantee society, so does the number of his wives increase. The gulf which separates the least from the greatest may be estimated by the fact that whereas one wife is permitted to a slave, the king may have three thousand three hundred and thirty-three. Beyond that number the custom of the country, which is another phrase for popular opinion, does not permit him to go. This limitation, wide though it be, is an improvement upon the custom of some other tribes that are less favorably known. Among the Makololo, for instance, the people whom Livingstone has made popular, every woman of the tribe, be she married or single, must be the wife of the chief, if so the chief wills; and when the daughter of Sebituane succeeded her father as the supreme personage of the tribe, she naturally concluded that she was entitled to claim every man for her husband. The difficulties that were created by this claim ultimately led her to resign the chieftainship to her brother. Polygamy being popular, the female population of Ashantee is in excess of the male; and the demand for women by this one kingdom alone has led to wide-spread misery. Tribe wages war with tribe, and the victors carry off the women and female children for the Ashantee market. The regulations which exist with reference to the wives of the King of Ashantee are as strict as those which relate to the wives of the Sultan of Turkey. Like the King of Dahomey, the Ashantee monarch is in a certain sense a sacred personage, and this sanctity invests the women who are united to him in marriage. There is a seraglio at Coomassie as well as at Constantinople. An entire locality is devoted to the wives of the king, who are strictly secluded from all intercourse with the rest of the population. Sometimes they are permitted to visit the other parts of the town; but on such occasions the people are warned to absent themselves, for to look upon the wives of the king is considered to be an offense which can not be pardoned. Should there be any who have not been able to profit by this warning, if they would avoid having their throats cut, as the queenly procession approaches they must fall flat on the ground and bury their faces in the earth until the ladies have passed by. At some state ceremonials, however, a certain number of the king's wives are permitted to attend.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An acquaintance of a certain Scotch bailie made a grievous complaint to him one day of the hard times, and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in that wretched country. The bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these croakings, for his industry had realized a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer that his ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. "Not in this country," his friend repeated. "Weel, then," said the bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way weel in Australia." "Yes," replied his desponding townsman, "that might be the case ance in a day; but if there is business there, mair folk are there than can get a share o't." "Weel, it may be true ye say," rejoined the bailie, "but ye might gang further—ye might gang up into the interior." "There's naebody there," said the grumbler, "but kangaroos." The worthy magistrate, concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages among whom a careful peddler might make indifferent good bargains, replied, "Weel-a-weel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as gude as anither man's?"

When you bury animosity, don't set a stone up over its grave.

To make Money—Get an appointment in the Mint.

A gentleman meeting an old friend whom he had not seen for a long time, congratulated him on lately coming into the possession of a large *landed* estate. "There was such a report," replied the other, "but I assure you that it was quite *groundless*."

A teetotaler, the other day, asked a neighbor if he were not inclined to the Temperance Society, and he replied, "Yes; for when I see liquor *my mouth waters*."

Mr. Oberon, a man about town, was lately invited to a sewing party. The next day a friend asked him how the entertainment came off. "Oh, it was very amusing," replied Mr. Oberon; "the ladies hemmed and I hawed."

The will of Governor Blatchett, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, proved in 1783, contains the following singular clause: "I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off, to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further request my dear wife, that as she has been troubled with one fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

"You musicians ought to be happy fellows," said H——, the other day, to a band-master. "Why?" said the leader. "Because you need never want for money; for when your funds run short, you have only to put your instrument to your lips and—raise the wind."

"John, spell effects." "F-x." "Right. Next spell seedy." "C-d." "Right again. Now spell cakes." "K-a-x." "There's a good boy!" said his mother, handing Johnny some of the latter.

"I see," said a young lady, "that some printers advertise blank declarations for sale; I wish I could get one." "Why?" asked the mother. "Because, ma, Mr. G—— is too modest to ask me to marry him; and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration, he would sign it."

When yet was ever found a mother
Would give her booby for another?

"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy-looking lad, walking into a hardware store the other day. "Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor, "we keep all kinds of nails; what kind will you have, Sir, and how many?" "Well," said the boy, sliding toward the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails, and about a pound and a half of toe nails."

Two Liverpool merchants conversing about business matters one day on Change, one of them remarked on the badness of the times, and the difficulty of meeting acceptances which were coming due; at the same time observing a group of sparrows on a neighboring house-top, he exclaimed to his companion, "How happy these birds must be! they have no acceptances to provide for." "Why," replied his friend, "I don't see how you can properly say that; they have their *bills* to provide for, the same as we have."

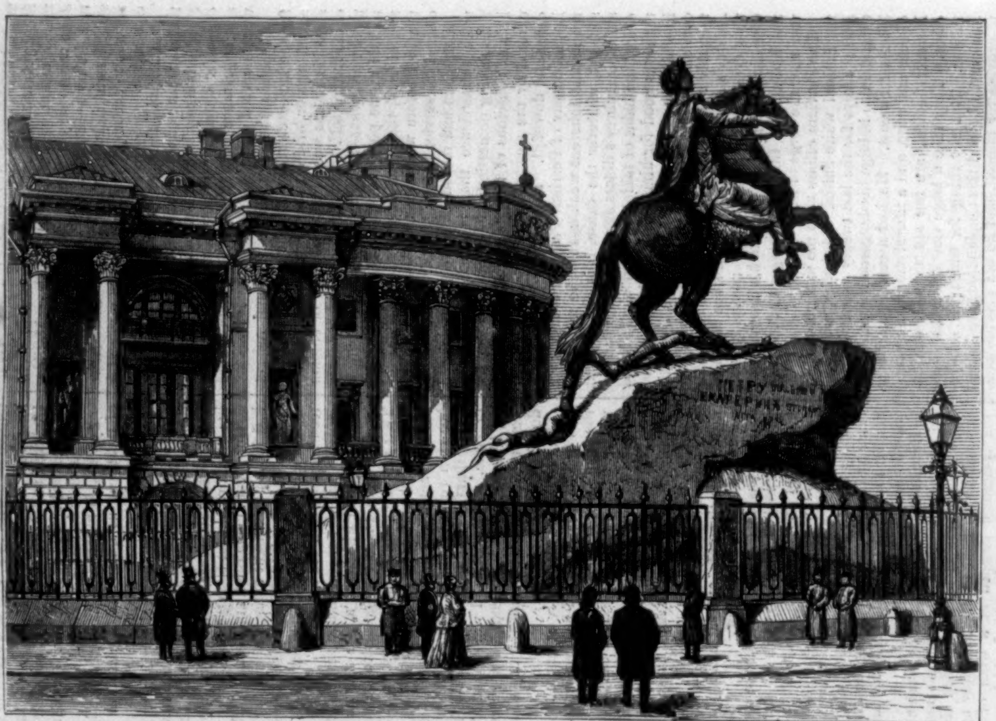
When you have interfered in a family fight, and been knocked down stairs by the brutal husband, and had a kettle of hot water poured upon you by the ill-treated wife, console yourself with the reflection that the memory of noble and useful acts wrought in early youth is like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy ocean. After it has happened to you several times, you will decide that you have laid up memories enough of that sort, and will never, never interfere between husband and wife.

Which is the oldest tree?—The elder, of course.

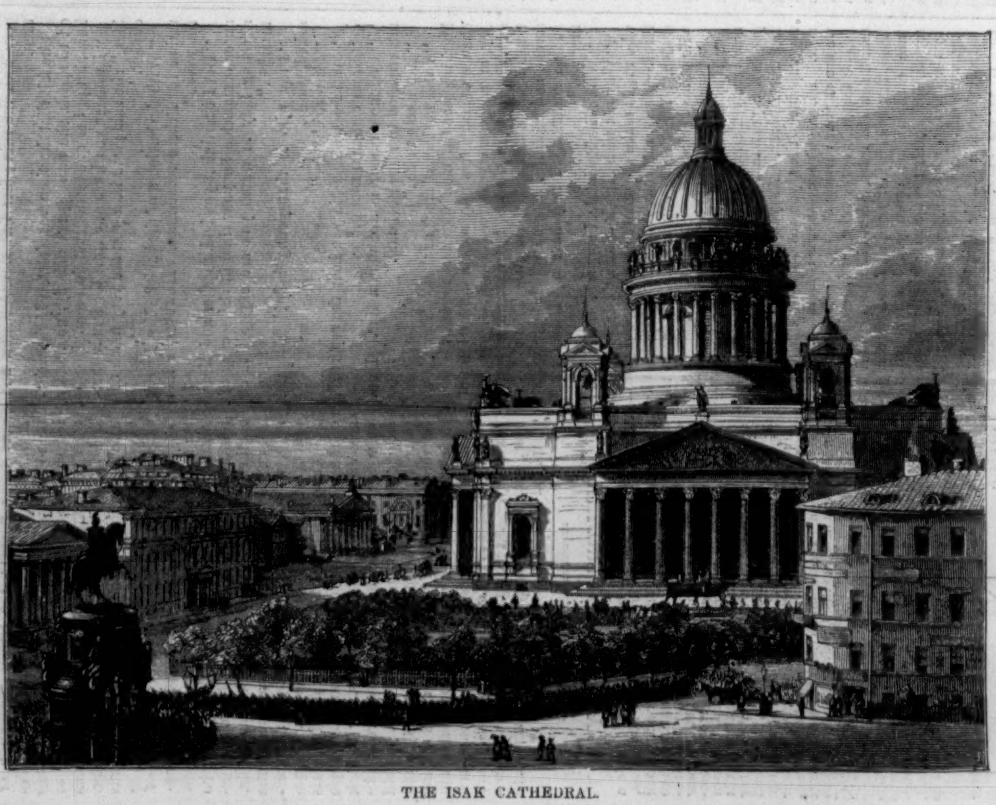
Cash on delivery is the custom adopted by popular lecturers.

"I have lost flesh," said a toper to his companion. "No great loss," replied the other, "since you have made it up in spirits."

"Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in the pulpit—did you mean by that that you preached?" "No, Sir; I held the light for the man who did preach." "Ah, the Court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came directly from you." "No, Sir; I only threw a little light on it."



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.



THE ISAK CATHEDRAL.

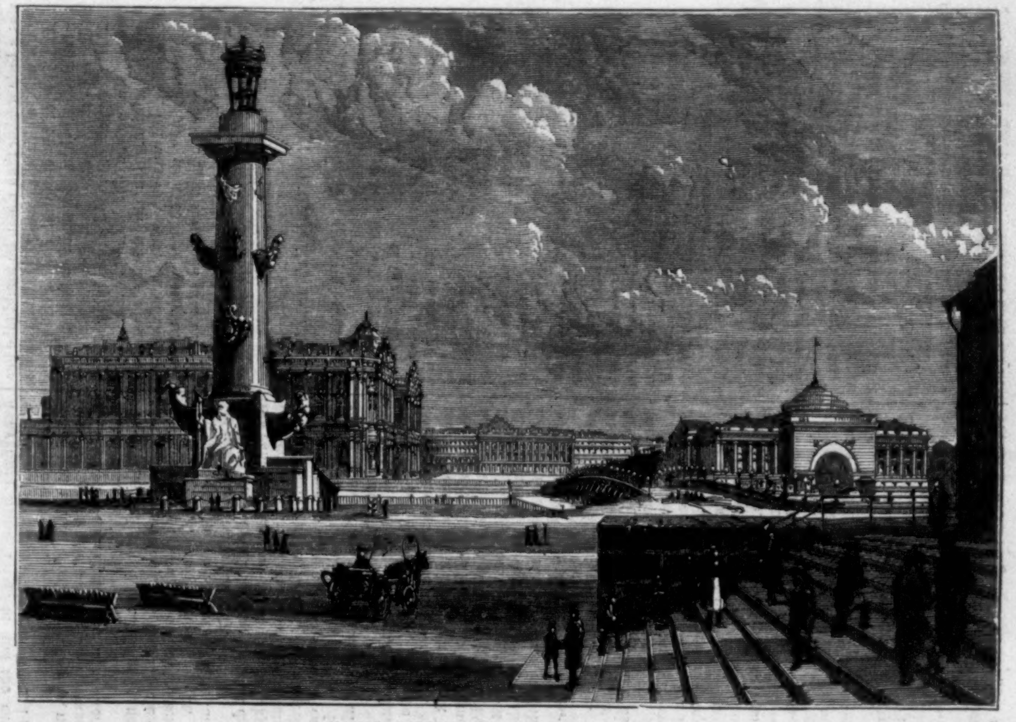
VIEWS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

St. Petersburg is one of the most magnificent capitals of Europe. It was founded by Peter the Great, in the year 1703, amidst the marshes through which the river Neva discharges its waters into the sea. He first erected a fortress on the site of the present citadel, and such were the obstacles with which he met in the treacherous character of the soil, the climate, and the insalubrity of the location, that a man of less resolute will would have abandoned the undertaking. But his determination triumphed over all difficulties, and in 1712 he declared it the capital of the empire. At his death, however, the city was still a miserable collection of hovels, with a few good buildings, and it owes much of its magnificence and beauty to the Empress Catharine II. The late Emperor Nicholas also did much to improve and embellish it, a work that is constantly going on under the present enlightened Emperor. In the regularity of its streets, the number, size, and grandeur of its public edifices, and the beauty and elegance of many of its private residences, St. Petersburg may challenge comparison with every other capital city of Europe. One of the finest streets is the Neva Perspective, which is 130 feet wide and four miles in length.

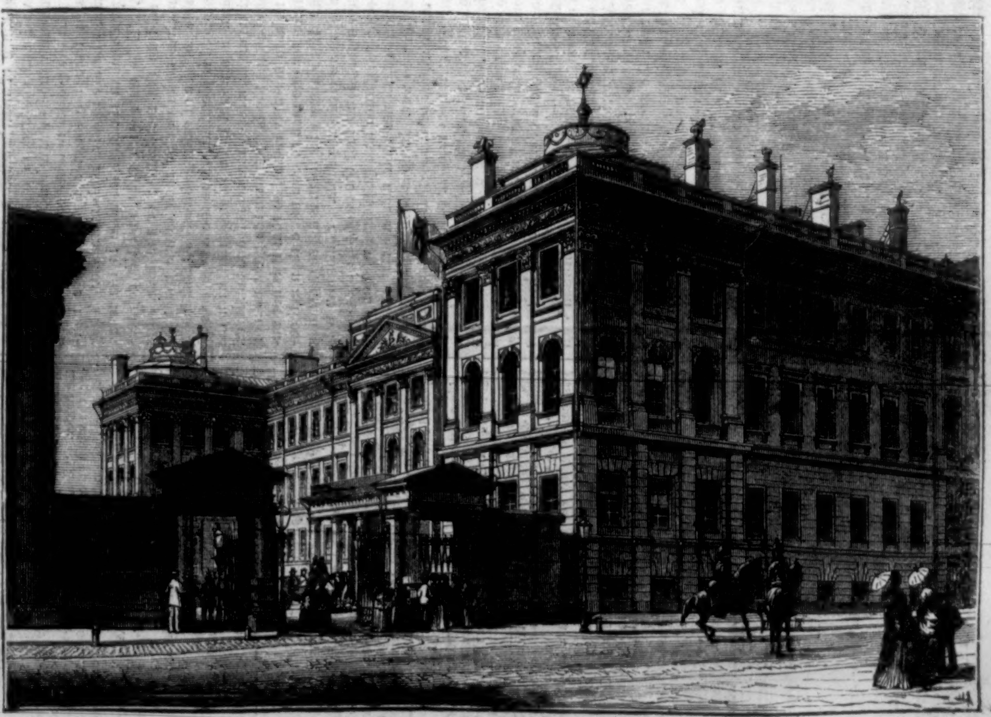
Among the public monuments which attract the attention of visitors may be mentioned the celebrated equestrian statue of Peter the Great, which stands in the western corner of the Admiralty Square. The monarch is represented in the attitude of spurring his horse up a steep rock, the summit of which he has nearly attained. It is said that the artist, Falconet, designed this work from a Russian officer, a splendid horseman, who, mounted on a spirited Arab horse, rode to the top of an artificial incline, and there halted, his eager horse rearing and pawing the air. The pedestal on which this statue is erected is a huge block of granite, weighing 1500 tons. It was found at a distance of four miles from the city, whither it was conveyed with great labor and expense. The block was unfortunately broken in dressing. The Naval Column is also a fine work of art, and the Crown Prince's Palace is a large and magnificent structure.

Nearly opposite the Isak Bridge, and behind the statue of Peter the Great, stands the magnificent Isak Cathedral, built by the Emperor Nicholas. Some idea of its proportions and cost may be formed from the fact that the foundations were laid on piles sunk at an expense of about four millions of dollars. Its form is that of a Greek cross, with four grand entrances, each of which is ornamented with a porch supported by polished granite pillars sixty feet high and seven in diameter. Over the centre of the edifice rises an immense cupola, covered with copper overlaid with gold. Above this is a smaller cupola, surmounted with a cross. Some of the interior columns are of solid malachite. The inmost shrine is a small circular temple, presented by Prince Demidoff; its cost was a million of dollars.

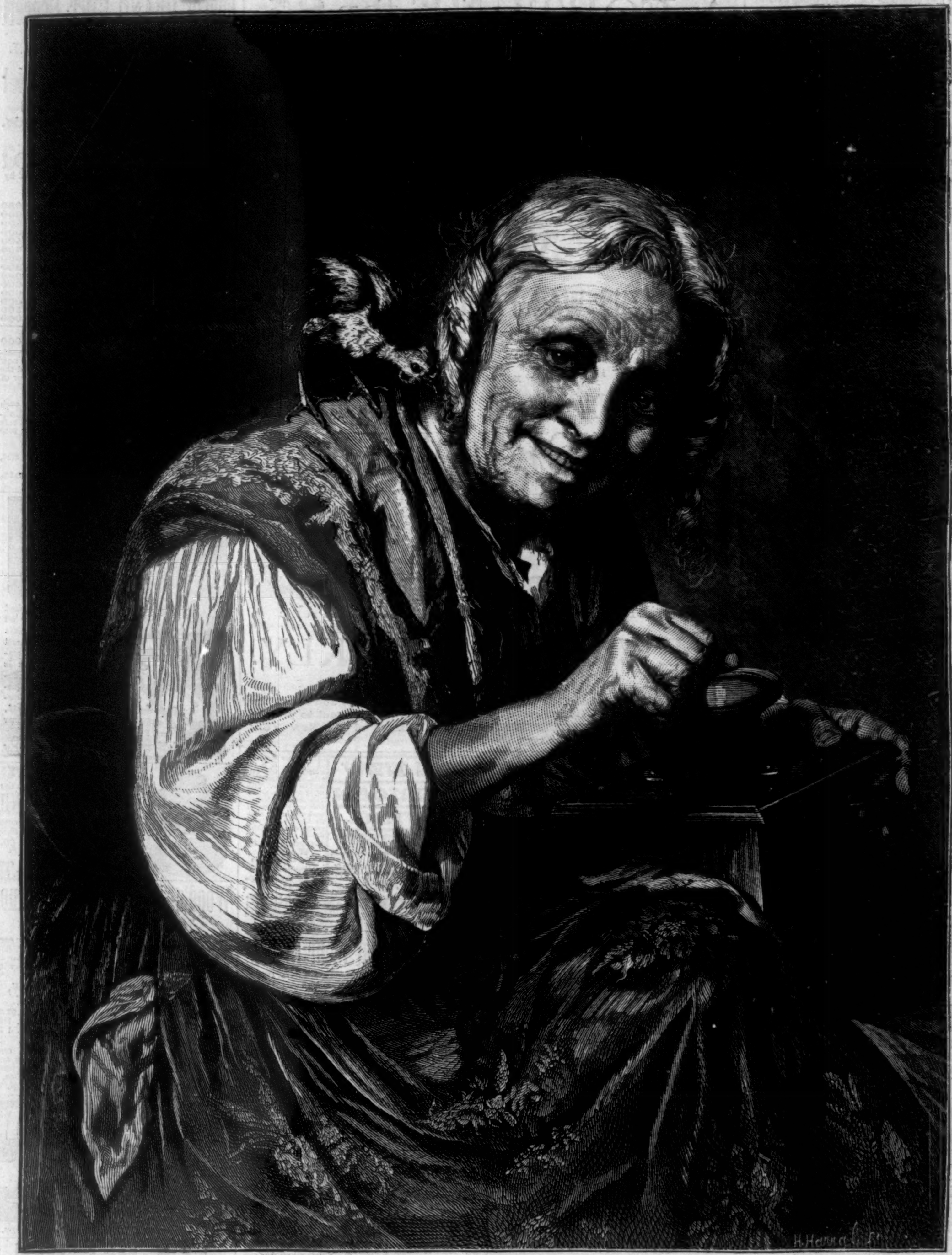
The site of St. Petersburg is perfectly flat, and elevated but little above the ordinary height of the Neva, which has more than once overflowed its banks, and caused great destruction of life and property. A similar disaster is threatened at the breaking up of the ice every spring. The most disastrous overflow which has ever visited the city occurred in 1824, when hundreds of lives were lost, and the entire property of thousands was swept away.



NAVAL COLUMN AT THE ROYAL PALACE.



THE CROWN PRINCE'S PALACE.



"PECK AWAY."—[Engraved from a Painting by Rotta.]

LOVE OF THE ANTIQUE.

The love of what is old is often an undiscriminating tenderness, or it is narrow in its conceptions, or is hampered by its ignorance of the nature of true archæology, as a science of no little importance toward the elucidation of the history of mankind. It is not mere natural obtuseness, so much as a want of acquaintance with the basis on which all history rests, which makes men not simply indifferent to antiquarian studies, but careless as to their relative degrees of importance, even when they are by no means absolutely indifferent to them. Mere antiquarianism is, in truth, nothing but a form of dilettante work, which is very harmless, and produces practically pleasant results. Such, too, is the purely artistic study of the achievements of the past, which draws and measures buildings and their details with a view to their modern application in the buildings of the day. But this is not true archæology, whose office it is to aid in the uplifting of the veil that hides the life of our fathers from our eyes, under the feeling that they were our fathers, and that our existing life, social, political, and religious, is the lineal descendant of the life which exhibited itself in these long-buried or long-misunderstood remains, which the enlightened observer now studies with ever-increasing ardor and delight. As it happens, too, it is in those very relics of antiquity which have least charm for the lover of the picturesque that the real archæologist finds his most important treasures. We may learn nothing from the most gorgeous windows, the most daringly constructed of vaults, the most perfect of sculptures, while in the position of a few bricks, or the foundations of a hidden wall, or a long-buried pathway or well, we may light upon the key to historical problems which have hitherto baffled the acutest critics and the most learned students.

Just now, too, the scientific study of these living monuments of the past is of more than ordinary importance. Every old belief is breaking up around us. Every thing is turning out to be a "myth." The very word "myth," not very long ago quite a novelty in the world of letters, has come to be so popular as to be almost of the nature of slang. Of course it is not in Johnson, but then even such a universally used word (nowadays) as "humbug" is not in Johnson. In Johnson's days, indeed, nobody had thought out the idea of myths, as such; and it is surprising to our sharpened intelligence how people got on without myths. Perhaps they were all the happier for knowing nothing about them, and perhaps, on the whole, they were not. At any rate, there can be no doubt that the notion of myths is now so fashionable that we are in danger of having it overrun the whole field of historical knowledge, while the word itself has become so common that most people use it in the sense of a simply fictitious statement. It is, therefore, pre-eminently the present function of archæology to come in and assure us that every thing that we do not know in detail is not necessarily a myth. And very grateful ought many minds to be for such a result. It is really extremely disagreeable to be *désillusionné* to the formidable extent which some people seem to delight in. Of course there are an endless number of superstitions which it is quite proper to get rid of; and for those superstitions which affect a man's religious belief, and his personal conduct toward his family and friends, not one word of excuse is to be put forward. The whole multitude of supernatural stories which are found mixed up with the earliest records of all nations must also be relegated to the mythical region, or set down as mere inventions of the poetical or the priestly mind.

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[*From the "New York Tribune," Jan. 6, 1874.*]

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GEORGE STECK AND CO. RECEIVE THE GOLD MEDAL AT THE VIENNA EXPOSITION.

AMERICAN manufacturers have triumphed again. Many hundreds of Piano-fortes were exhibited at the Vienna Exposition from the manufactories of the most eminent makers, but to the American Pianos of GEORGE STECK & Co. *alone* was awarded the highest prize, the *Gold Medal*. STECK & Co. have thus won a brilliant triumph in a branch of industry which is assuming such colossal proportions. The official letter which announces their success is as follows:

"VIENNA, *Dec.* 13, 1873.

"GEO. STECK, Esq.—*Sir:* I have the pleasure of informing you that I this day received from the Baron SCHWARZ-SENBORN a Gold Medal awarded to you for the Pianos exhibited by you at the Vienna Exposition. I hold the medal subject to your order.

"If not delivered to your order I will take it with me to New York, where I expect to arrive some time in the month of February. Very respectfully yours,

"THOMAS MCELRATH, U. S. Commissioner."

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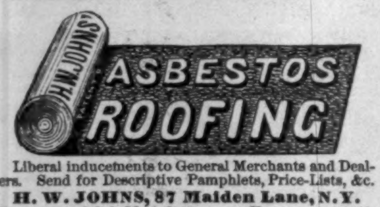

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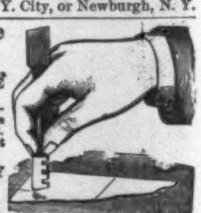

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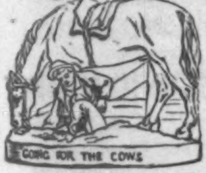

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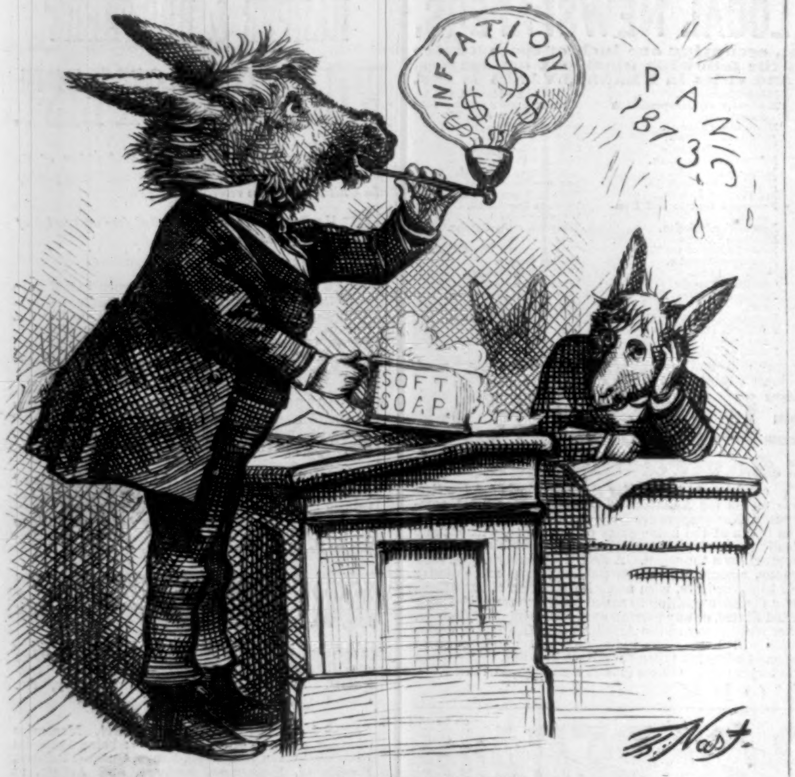

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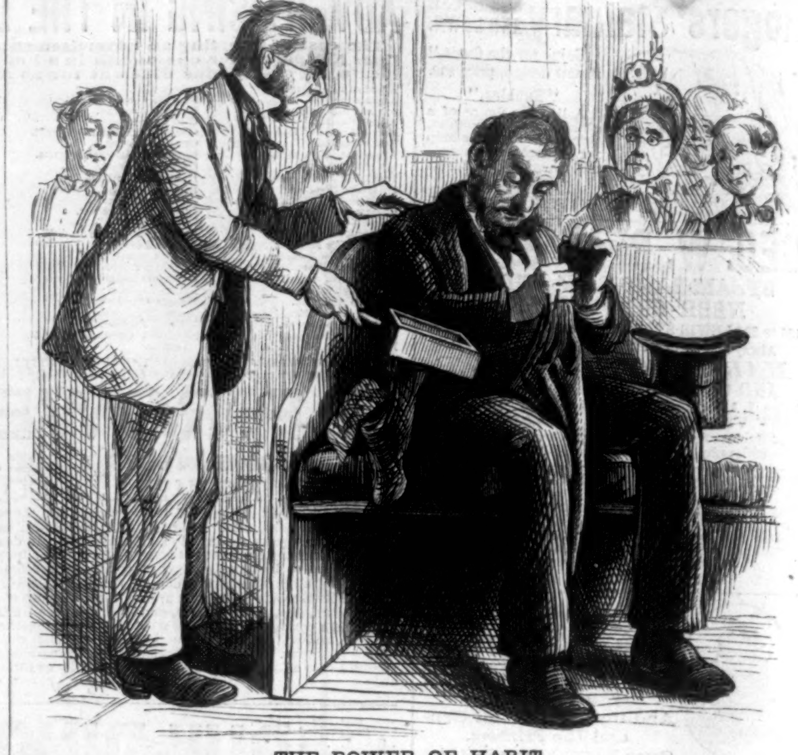

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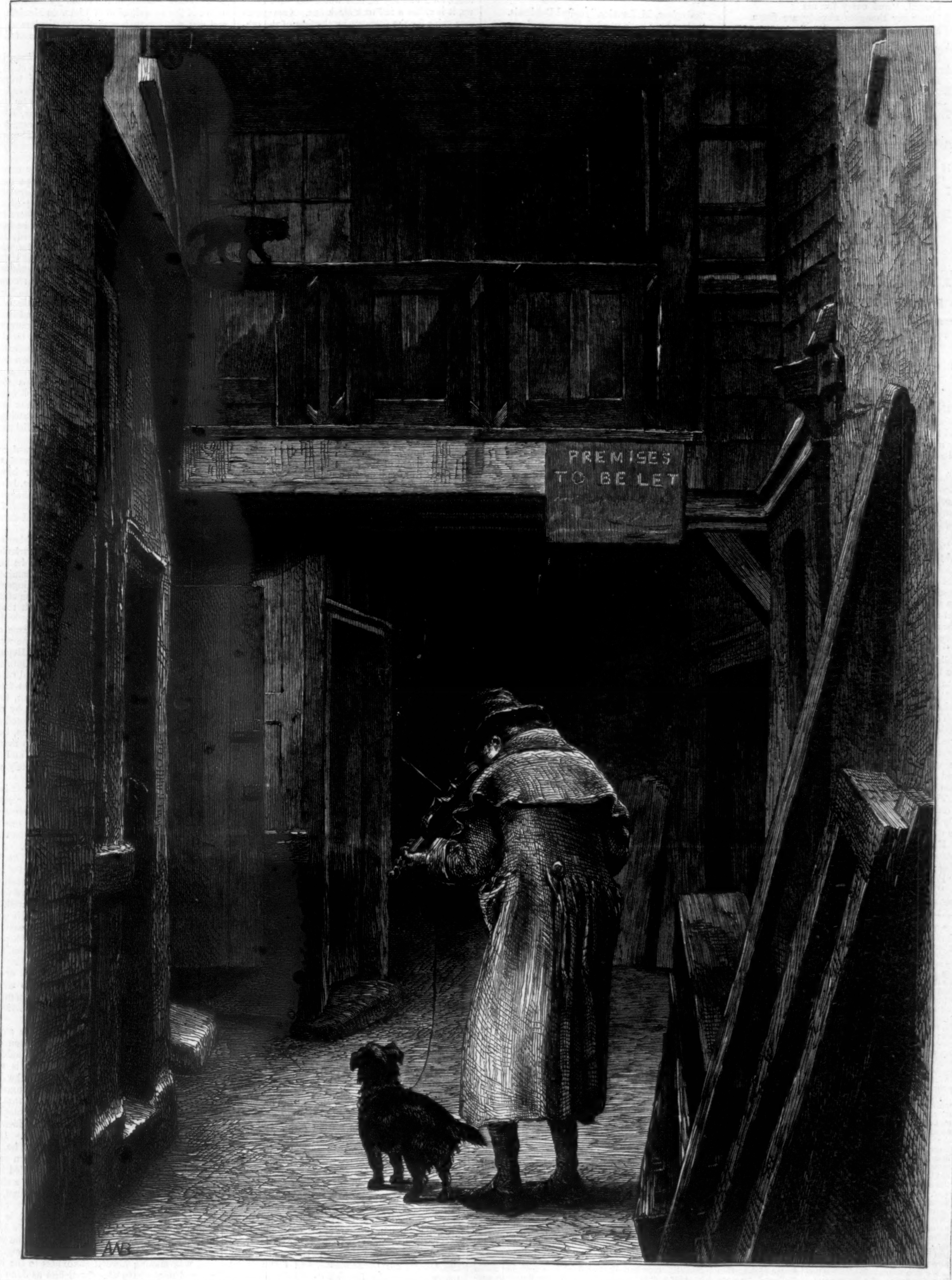
PREMISES
TO BE LET
AWB

"BLIND!"—[From a Painting by A. W. Bayes.]

MY VALENTINE.

I FOLDED a dainty missive,
 And called it a valentine,
And sent it away with its hidden freight
 From this fluttering heart of mine.
"Haste, little valentine, hasten,"
 I cried, "and carry for me
Whither my thoughts already are flown
 The secret I trust to thee."

And so my poor little message
 Like a white dove flew away,
And I watched for its mate to return to me
 Ere the close of another day.
But we grew so weary of waiting—
 So weary, my heart and I—
That I could not wait for the day to pass,
 So wearily crept it by.

So I went myself for an answer,
 And somebody bade me see
If there were not also a valentine
 Somewhere awaiting me.
I searched the old room over,
 In every nook and part,
But my valentine only was found at last
 Safe hidden in somebody's heart.

(Concluded from No. 893, page 139.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK TWELFTH.

CHAPTER XIV.

UNPRESCIENT of the perils that awaited him, absorbed in the sense of existing discomfort, cold, and hunger, Fox lifted his mournful visage from his master's dressing-gown, in which he had encoiled his shivering frame, on the entrance of De Brézé and the *concierge* of the house in which Lemercier had his apartment. Recognizing the Vicomte as one of his master's acquaintances, he checked the first impulse that prompted him to essay a feeble bark, and permitted himself, with a petulant whine, to be extracted from his covering, and held in the arms of the murderous visitor.

"*Dieu des dieux!*" ejaculated De Brézé, "how light the poor beast has become!" Here he pinched the sides and thighs of the victim. "Still," he said, "there is some flesh yet on these bones. You may grill the paws, *fricasser* the shoulders, and roast the rest. The *rognons* and the head accept for yourself as a perquisite." Here he transferred Fox to the arms of the *concierge*, adding, "*Vite au besogne, mon ami.*"

"Yes, monsieur. I must be quick about it while my wife is absent. She has a *faiblesse* for the brute. He must be on the spit before she returns."

"Be it so; and on the table in an hour—five o'clock precisely. I am famished."

The *concierge* disappeared with Fox. De Brézé then amused himself by searching into Frederic's cupboards and *buffets*, from which he produced a cloth and utensils necessary for the repast. These he arranged with great neatness, and awaited in patience the moment of participation in the feast.

The hour of five had struck before Savarin and Frederic entered the *salon;* and at their sight De Brézé dashed to the staircase and called out to the *concierge* to serve the dinner.

Frederic, though unconscious of the Thyestean nature of the banquet, still looked round for the dog; and, not perceiving him, began to call out, "Fox! Fox! where hast thou hidden thyself?"

"Tranquillize yourself," said De Brézé. "Do not suppose that I have not......"[*]

CHAPTER THE LAST.

AMONG the refugees which the *convoi* from Versailles disgorged on the Paris station were two men, who, in pushing through the crowd, came suddenly face to face with each other.

"Aha! *Bonjour*, M. Duplessis," said a burly voice.

"*Bonjour*, M. Louvier," replied Duplessis.

"How long have you left Bretagne?"

"On the day that the news of the armistice reached it, in order to be able to enter Paris the first day its gates were open. And you—where have you been?"

"In London."

"Ah! in London!" said Duplessis, paling. "I knew I had an enemy there."

"Enemy! I? Bah! my dear monsieur. What makes you think me your enemy?"

"I remember your threats."

"*A propos* of Rochebriant. By-the-way, when would it be convenient to you and the dear Marquis to let me into prompt possession of that property? You can no longer pretend to buy it as a *dot* for Mademoiselle Valérie."

"I know not that yet. It is true that all the financial operations attempted by my agent in London have failed. But I may recover myself yet, now that I re-enter Paris. In the mean time, we have still six months before us; for, as you will find—if you know it not already—the interest due to you has been lodged with Messrs. —— of ——, and you can not foreclose, even if the law did not take into consideration the national calamities as between debtor and creditor."

"Quite true. But if you can not buy the property it must pass into my hands in a very short time. And you and the Marquis had better come to an amicable arrangement with me. *A propos*, I read in the *Times* newspaper that Alain was among the wounded in the sortie of December."

"Yes; we learned that through a pigeon-post. We were afraid......"

L'ENVOI.

The intelligent reader will perceive that the story I relate is virtually closed with the preceding chapter, though I rejoice to think that what may be called its plot does not find its *dénouement* amidst the crimes and the frenzy of the *Guerre des Communeaux*. Fit subjects these, indeed, for the social annalist in times to come. When crimes that outrage humanity have their motive or their excuse in principles that demand the demolition of all upon which the civilization of Europe has its basis—worship, property, and marriage—in order to reconstruct a new civilization adapted to a new humanity, it is scarcely possible for the serenest contemporary to keep his mind in that state of abstract reasoning with which Philosophy deduces from some past evil some existent good. For my part, I believe that throughout the whole known history of mankind, even in epochs when reason is most misled and conscience most perverted, there runs visible, though fine and thread-like, the chain of destiny, which has its roots in the throne of an All-wise and an All-good; that in the wildest illusions by which multitudes are frenzied there may be detected gleams of prophetic truths; that in the fiercest crimes which, like the disease of an epidemic, characterize a peculiar epoch under abnormal circumstances, there might be found instincts or aspirations toward some social virtues to be realized ages afterward by happier generations, all tending to save man from despair of the future, were the whole society to unite for the joyless hour of his race in the abjuration of soul and the denial of God, because all irresistibly establishing that yearning toward an unseen future which is the leading attribute of soul, evincing the government of a divine Thought which evolves out of the discords of one age the harmonies of another, and, in the world within us as in the world without, enforces upon every unclouded reason the distinction between Providence and Chance.

The account subjoined may suffice to say all that rests to be said of those individuals in whose fate, apart from the events or personages that belong to graver history, the reader of this work may have conceived an interest. It is translated from the letter of Frederic Lemercier to Graham Vane, dated June —, a month after the defeat of the Communists.

"Dear and distinguished Englishman, whose name I honor but fail to pronounce, accept my cordial thanks for your interests in such remains of Frederic Lemercier as yet survive the ravages of famine, Equality, Brotherhood, Petroleum, and the Rights of Labor. I did not desert my Paris when M. Thiers, '*parmula non bene relictâ*,' led his sagacious friends and his valiant troops to the groves of Versailles, and confided to us unarmed citizens the preservation of order and property from the insurgents whom he left in possession of our forts and cannon. I felt spellbound by the interest of the *sinistre melodrame*, with its quick succession of scenic effects and the metropolis of the world for its stage. Taught by experience, I did not aspire to be an actor; and even as a spectator, I took care neither to hiss nor applaud. Imitating your happy England, I observed a strict neutrality; and, safe myself from danger, left my best friends to the care of the gods.

"As to political questions, I dare not commit myself to a conjecture. At this *rouge et noir* table, all I can say is, that whichever card turns up, it is either a red or a black one. One gamester gains for the moment by the loss of the other; the table eventually ruins both.

"No one believes that the present form of government can last; every one differs as to that which can. Raoul de Vandemar is immovably convinced of the restoration of the Bourbons. Savarin is meditating a new journal devoted to the cause of the Count of Paris. De Brézé and the old Count de Passy, having in turn espoused and opposed every previous form of government, naturally go in for a perfectly novel experiment, and are for constitutional dictatorship under the Duc d'Aumale, which he is to hold at his own pleasure, and ultimately resign to his nephew the Count, under the mild title of a constitutional king—that is, if it ever suits the pleasure of a dictator to depose himself. To me this seems the wildest of notions. If the Duc's administration were successful, the French would insist on keeping it; and if the uncle were unsuccessful, the nephew would not have a chance. Duplessis retains his faith in the imperial dynasty, and that Imperialist party is much stronger than it appears on the surface. So many of the *bourgeoisie* recall with a sigh eighteen years of prosperous trade; so many of the military officers, so many of the civil officials, identify their career with the Napoleonic favor; and so many of the Priesthood, abhorring the republic, always liable to pass into the hands of those who assail religion, unwilling to admit the claim of the Orleanists, are at heart for the empire.

"But I will tell you one secret. I and all the quiet folks like me (we are more numerous than any one violent faction) are willing to accept any form of government by which we have the best chance of keeping our coats on our backs. *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* are gone quite out of fashion; and Mademoiselle —— has abandoned her great chant of the *Marseillaise*, and is drawing tears from enlightened audiences by her pathetic delivery of '*O Richard! O mon roi!*'

"Now about the other friends of whom you ask for news.

"Wonders will never cease. Louvier and Duplessis are no longer deadly rivals. They have become sworn friends, and are meditating a great speculation in common, to commence as soon as the Prussian debt is paid off. Victor de Mauléon brought about this reconciliation in a single interview during the brief interregnum between the Peace and the *Guerre des Communeaux*. You know how sternly Louvier was bent upon seizing Alain de Rochebriant's estates. Can you conceive the true cause? Can you imagine it possible that a hardened money-maker like Louvier should ever allow himself to be actuated, one way or the other, by the romance of a sentimental wrong? Yet so it was. It seems that many years ago he was desperately in love with a girl who disappeared from his life, and whom he believed to have been seduced by the late Marquis de Rochebriant. It was in revenge for this supposed crime that he had made himself the principal mortgagee of the late Marquis; and, visiting the sins of the father on the son, had, under the infernal disguise of friendly interest, made himself sole mortgagee to Alain, upon terms apparently the most generous. The demon soon showed his *griffe*, and was about to foreclose, when Duplessis came to Alain's relief; and Rochebriant was to be Valérie's *dot* on her marriage with Alain. The Prussian war, of course, suspended all such plans, pecuniary and matrimonial. Duplessis, whose resources were terribly crippled by the war, attempted operations in London with a view of raising the sum necessary to pay off the mortgage; found himself strangely frustrated and baffled. Louvier was in London, and defeated his rival's agent in every speculation. It became impossible for Duplessis to redeem the mortgage. The two men came to Paris with the Peace. Louvier determined both to seize the Breton lands and to complete the ruin of Duplessis, when he learned from De Mauléon that he had spent half his life in a baseless illusion—that Alain's father was innocent of the crime for which his son was to suffer; and Victor, with that strange power over men's minds which was so peculiar to him, talked Louvier into mercy if not into repentance. In short, the mortgage is to be paid off by installments at the convenience of Duplessis. Alain's marriage with Valérie is to take place in a few weeks. The *fournisseurs* are already gone to fit up the old château for the bride, and Louvier is invited to the wedding.

"I have all this story from Alain, and from Duplessis himself. I tell the tale as 'twas told to me, with all the gloss of sentiment upon its woof. But between ourselves, I am too Parisian not to be skeptical as to the unalloyed amiability of sudden conversions. And I suspect that Louvier was no longer in a condition to indulge in the unprofitable whim of turning rural seigneur. He had sunk large sums and incurred great liabilities in the new street to be called after his name; and that street has been twice ravaged, first by the Prussian siege, and next by the *Guerre des Communeaux*, and I can detect many reasons why Louvier should deem it prudent not only to withdraw from the Rochebriant seizure, and make sure of peacefully recovering the capital lent on it, but establishing joint interest and *quasi*-partnership with a financier so brilliant and successful as Lucien Duplessis has hitherto been.

"Alain himself is not quite recovered from his wound, and is now at Rochebriant, nursed by his aunt and Valérie. I have promised to visit him next week. Raoul de Vandemar is still at Paris with his mother, saying there is no place where one Christian man can be of such service. The old Count declines to come back, saying there is no place where a philosopher can be in such danger.

"I reserve as my last communication, in reply to your questions, that which is the gravest. You say that you saw in the public journals brief notice of the assassination of Victor de Mauléon; and you ask for such authentic particulars as I can give of that event, and of the motives of the assassin.

"I need not, of course, tell you how bravely the poor Vicomte behaved throughout the siege; but he made many enemies among the worst members of the National Guard by the severity of his discipline; and had he been caught by the mob the same day as Clement Thomas, who committed the same offense, would have certainly shared the fate of that general. Though elected a *Député*, he remained at Paris a few days after Thiers & Co. left it, in the hope of persuading the party of Order, including then no small portion of the National Guards, to take prompt and vigorous measures to defend the city against the Communists. Indignant at their pusillanimity, he then escaped to Versailles. There he more than confirmed the high reputation he had acquired during the siege, and impressed the ablest public men with the belief that he was destined to take a very leading part in the strife of party. When the Versailles troops entered Paris, he was, of course, among them in command of a battalion.

"He escaped safe through that horrible war of barricades, though no man more courted danger. He inspired his men with his own courage. It was not till the revolt was quenched, on the evening of the 28th May, that he met his death. The Versailles soldiers, naturally exasperated, were very prompt in seizing and shooting at once every passenger who looked like a foe. Some men under De Mauléon had seized upon one of these victims, and were hurrying him into the next street for execution, when, catching sight of the Vicomte, he screamed out, 'Lebeau, save me!'

"At that cry De Mauléon rushed forward, arrested his soldiers, cried, 'This man is innocent—a harmless physician. I answer for him.' As he thus spoke, a wounded Communist, lying in the gutter amidst a heap of the slain, dragged himself up, reeled toward De Mauléon, plunged a knife between his shoulders, and dropped down dead.

"The Vicomte was carried into a neighboring house, from all the windows of which the tricolor was suspended; and the *Médecin* whom he had just saved from summary execution examined and dressed his wound. The Vicomte lingered for more than an hour, but expired in the effort to utter some words, the sense of which those about him endeavored in vain to seize.

"It was from the *Médecin* that the name of the assassin and the motive for the crime were ascertained. The miscreant was a Red Republican and Socialist named Armand Monnier. He had been a very skillful workman, and earning, as such, high wages. But he thought fit to become an active revolutionary politician, first led into schemes for upsetting the world by the existing laws of marriage, which had inflicted on him one woman who ran away from him, but, being still legally his wife, forbade him to marry another woman with whom he lived, and to whom he seems to have been passionately attached.

"These schemes, however, he did not put into any positive practice till he fell in with a certain Jean Lebeau, who exercised great influence over him, and by whom he was admitted into one of the secret revolutionary societies which had for their object the overthrow of the empire. After that time his head became turned. The fall of the empire put an end to the society he had joined: Lebeau dissolved it. During the siege Monnier was a sort of leader among the *ouvriers;* but as it advanced and famine commenced, he contracted the habit of intoxication. His children died of cold and hunger. The woman he lived with followed them to the grave. Then he seems to have become a ferocious madman, and to have been implicated in the worst crimes of the Communists. He cherished a wild desire of revenge against this Jean Lebeau, to whom he attributed all his calamities, and by whom, he said, his brother had been shot in the sortie of December.

"Here comes the strange part of the story. This Jean Lebeau is alleged to have been one and the same person with Victor de Mauléon. The *Médecin* I have named, and who is well known in Belleville and Montmartre as the *Médecin des Pauvres*, confesses that he belonged to the secret society organized by Lebeau; that the disguise the Vicomte assumed was so complete that he should not have recognized his identity with the conspirator but for an accident. During the latter time of the bombardment, he, the *Médecin des Pauvres*, was on the eastern ramparts, and his attention was suddenly called to a man mortally wounded by the splinter of a shell. While examining the nature of the wound, De Mauléon, who was also on the ramparts, came to the spot. The dying man said, 'M. le Vicomte, you owe me a service. My name is Marc le Roux. I was on the police before the war. When M. de Mauléon re-assumed his station, and was making himself obnoxious to the Emperor, I might have denounced him as Jean Lebeau, the conspirator. I did not. The siege has reduced me to want. I have a child at home—a pet. Don't let her starve.' 'I will see to her,' said the Vicomte. Before we could get the man into the ambulance cart he expired.

"*The Médecin* who told this story I had the curiosity to see myself, and cross-question. I own I believe his statement. Whether De Mauléon did or did not conspire against a fallen dynasty, to which he owed no allegiance, can little, if at all, injure the reputation he has left behind of a very remarkable man—of great courage and great ability—who might have had a splendid career if he had survived. But, as Savarin says truly, the first bodies which the car of revolution crushes down are those which first harness themselves to it.

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[*] The hand that wrote thus far has left unwritten the last scene of the tragedy of poor Fox. In the deep where Prospero has dropped his wand are now irrevocably buried the humor and the pathos of this cynophagous banquet. One detail of it, however, which the author imparted to his son, may here be faintly indicated. Let the sympathizing reader recognize all that is dramatic in the conflict between hunger and affection; let him recall to mind the lachrymose loving kindness of his own post-prandial emotions after blissfully breaking some fast, less mercilessly prolonged, we will hope, than that of these besieged banqueters; and then, though unaided by the fancy which conceived so quaint a situation, he may perhaps imagine what tearful tenderness would fill the eyes of the kind-hearted Frederic, as they contemplate the well-picked bones of his sacrificed favorite on the platter before him; which he pushes away, sighing, "Ah, poor Fox! how he would have enjoyed those bones!"

The chapter immediately following this one also remains unfinished. It was not intended to close the narrative thus left uncompleted; but of those many and so various works which have not unworthily associated with almost every department of literature the name of a single English writer, it is CHAPTER THE LAST. Had the author lived to finish it, he would doubtless have added to his *Iliad* of the Siege of Paris its most epic episode, by here describing the mighty combat between those two princes of the Parisian Bourse, the magnanimous Duplessis and the redoubtable Louvier. Among the few other pages of the book which have been left unwritten, we must also reckon with regret some page descriptive of the reconciliation between Graham Vane and Isaura Cicogna; but, fortunately for the satisfaction of every reader who may have followed thus far the fortunes of *The Parisians*, all that our curiosity is chiefly interested to learn has been recorded in the *Envoi*, which was written before the completion of the novel.

We know not, indeed, what has become of these two Parisian types of a Beauty not of Holiness, the poor vain Poet of the *Pavé*, and the good-hearted Oudine of the Gutter. It is obvious, from the absence of all allusion to them in Lemercier's letter to Vane, that they had passed out of the narrative before that letter was written. We must suppose the catastrophe of their fates to have been described, in some preceding chapter, by the author himself, who would assuredly not have left M. Gustave Rameau in permanent possession of his ill-merited and ill-ministered fortune. That French representative of the appropriately popular poetry of modern ideas, which prefers "the roses and raptures of vice" to "the lilies and languors of virtue," can not have been irredeemably reconciled by the sweet savors of the domestic *pot-au-feu*, even when spiced with pungent whiffs of repudiated disreputability, to any selfish betrayal of the cause of universal social emancipation from the personal proprieties. If poor Julie Caumartin has perished in the siege of Paris, with all the grace of her self-wrought redemption still upon her, we shall doubtless deem her fate a happier one than any she could have found in prolonged existence as Madame Rameau; and a certain modicum of this world's good things will, in that case, have been rescued for worthier employment by Graham Vane. To that assurance nothing but Lemercier's description of the fate of Victor de Mauléon (which will be found in the *Envoi*) need be added for the satisfaction of our sense of poetic justice: and if, on the mimic stage, from which they now disappear, all these puppets have rightly played their parts in the drama of an empire's fall, each will have helped "to point a moral" as well as to "adorn a tale." *Valete et plaudite!*—L.

"Among De Mauléon's papers is the programme of a constitution fitted for France. How it got into Savarin's hands I know not. De Mauléon left no will, and no relations came forward to claim his papers. I asked Savarin to give me the heads of the plan, which he did. They are as follows:

"'The American republic is the sole one worth studying, for it has lasted. The causes of its duration are in the checks to democratic fickleness and disorder. 1st. No law affecting the Constitution can be altered without the consent of two-thirds of Congress. 2d. To counteract the impulses natural to a popular Assembly chosen by universal suffrage, the greater legislative powers, especially in foreign affairs, are vested in the Senate, which has even executive as well as legislative functions. 3d. The chief of the State, having elected his government, can maintain it independent of hostile majorities in either Assembly.

"'These three principles of safety to form the basis of any new constitution for France.

"'For France it is essential that the chief magistrate, under whatever title he assume, should be as irresponsible as an English sovereign. Therefore he should not preside at his councils; he should not lead his armies. The day for personal government is gone, even in Prussia. The safety for order in a State is that when things go wrong, the Ministry changes, the State remains the same. In Europe republican institutions are safer where the chief magistrate is hereditary than where elective.'

"Savarin says these axioms are carried out at length, and argued with great ability.

"I am very grateful for your proffered hospitalities in England. Some day I shall accept them—viz., whenever I decide on domestic life, and the calm of the conjugal *foyer*. I have a *penchant* for an English *Mees*, and am not exacting as to the *dot*. Thirty thousand livres sterling would satisfy me—a trifle, I believe, to you rich islanders.

"Meanwhile I am naturally compelled to make up for the miseries of that horrible siege. Certain moralizing journals tell us that, sobered by misfortunes, the Parisians are going to turn over a new leaf, become studious and reflective, despise pleasure and luxury, and live like German professors. Don't believe a word of it. My conviction is that, whatever may be said as to our frivolity, extravagance, etc., under the empire, we shall be just the same under any form of government—the bravest, the most timid, the most ferocious, the kindest-hearted, the most irrational, the most intelligent, the most contradictory, the most consistent people whom Jove, taking counsel of Venus and the Graces, Mars and the Furies, ever created for the delight and terror of the world—in a word, the Parisians.

"Votre tout dévoué,
"FREDERIC LEMERCIER."

It is a lovely noon on the bay of Sorrento, toward the close of the autumn of 1871; upon the part of the craggy shore, to the left of the town, on which her first perusal of the loveliest poem in which the romance of Christian heroism has ever combined elevation of thought with silvery delicacies of speech had charmed her childhood, reclined the young bride of Graham Vane. They were in the first month of their marriage. Isaura had not yet recovered from the effects of all that had preyed upon her life, from the hour in which she had deemed that in her pursuit of fame she had lost the love that had colored her genius and inspired her dreams, to that in which......

The physicians consulted agreed in insisting on her passing the winter in a southern climate; and after their wedding, which took place in Florence, they thus came to Sorrento.

As Isaura is seated on the small smoothed rocklet, Graham reclines at her feet, his face upturned to hers with an inexpressible wistful anxiety in his impassioned tenderness. "You are sure you feel better and stronger since we have been here?"

THE END.

THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

WHEN the city of Mexico was taken by the Spaniards under Cortez, in 1521, it occupied several islands in the Lake Tezcuco. The water, from various influences, chiefly volcanic, has since receded, and the city, although still retaining its ancient site, is now two and a half miles distant from the lake. At the time of the Spanish conquest, however, it presented very much the appearance of Venice, a "city in the sea," "throned on her hundred isles," the margins of whose broad and narrow canal-streets were in many places lined with splendid mansions. According to the ancient Spanish historians, the native Mexicans had at that time attained a high degree of perfection in various arts, for which they do not appear to have been in any way indebted to the civilization of the Old World, and which must have been an outgrowth of unaided indigenous talent. Among the many novelties and wonders which met the eyes of the Spaniards were the *chinampas*, or floating gardens, which abounded on the lake, and supplied the city with vegetables, fruits, and flowers, the latter being in great request among the Mexicans for decorating the altars of their gods. These gardens were formed by constructing a large raft from the reeds and other aquatic plants which grew by the shores of the lake, making it sufficiently firm and buoyant to sustain a quantity of soil which was spread over the surface, and kept in position by a low fence of wicker-work, or intertwined reeds and branches, which ran round the edge of the raft. The fertility of these little floating islands, owing to the constant supply of moisture, is very remarkable, and the old chroniclers describe them as being literally covered with flowers and fruit and verdure. The city of Mexico is still to a great extent supplied from these singular market-gardens, which form the sole support of some villages on the shores of the lake, inhabited by families of the descendants of the aboriginal race who fell beneath the treachery of the sanguinary Cortez. Two of these villages, Santa Anita and Ixtacalco, which are not very far from Mexico, are particularly noted for the production of beautiful flowers, and at certain seasons, when their floating gardens are in full bloom, they are a favorite resort of pleasure-parties of the citizens.

THE CZAR'S WINTER PALACE.

THE Winter Palace at St. Petersburg is an enormous pile, constructed of a stone, reddish in hue, which, when fresh hewn from the quarry, can be carved almost as though it were wood, but which hardens considerably by exposure to the atmosphere. The Winter Palace communicates, by a bridge somewhat resembling the Ponte de' Sospiri at Venice, with an older palace—the Hermitage, so much affected by the Empress Catherine. The old Winter Palace, burned down in 1837, was built by an Italian architect named Rastrelli, in the Empress Elizabeth's reign, and so vast were its dimensions that it was said to be inhabited by more than six thousand persons. The Imperial High Chamberlain used frankly to confess that he had not the least idea of how many apartments there were, or who lived in them; and it is said that when, while the conflagration was at its height, the firemen ascended to the roof, they found the leads inhabited by whole families of squatters, who had built log-cabins, and kept poultry and pigs, *and even cows*, among the chimney-pots. The origin of this strange colony was ascribed to the circumstance that it was customary to detail for service on the roof of the palace a certain number of laborers whose duty it was to keep the water-tanks from freezing in winter-time by dropping red-hot cannon-balls into them. Perhaps the oversetting of one of the stoves used for heating the bullets was the primary cause of the fire of '37. Naturally these poor fellows tried to make themselves as comfortable as they could in their aeries. A chimney-pot does not afford a very complete shelter from the asperity of a Russian January; and logs for fuel being plentiful, what was more reasonable than that the cistern-thawers should utilize a few billets to build themselves huts withal? And a calf, discreetly smuggled up to a house-top in its tenderest youth, will grow into a cow in time, will it not?

Eighty thousand workmen had been employed at the erection of the old palace, which was most splendidly decorated, and the loss of valuable furniture and works of art at the fire was, of course, immense. The catastrophe took place in the night, and it was with the very greatest difficulty that the guards and police could prevent the mob from rushing into the burning ruins, not for the purpose of plunder, but with the view of saving the goods and chattels of their "Little Father." The soldiers were imbued with the same feeling; and it is said that the Emperor Nicholas, who was watching the progress of the flames with the greatest composure, was only enabled to put a stop to the self-sacrificing efforts of a party of grenadiers who were trying to wrench a magnificent mirror from the wall to which it was nailed by hurling his double-barreled *lorgnette* at it. Nicholas had the strength of a giant, and the well-aimed missile shattered the mighty sheet of plate-glass to fragments. His Majesty turned, laughing, to an aid-de-camp, as the grenadiers held up their hands in horror. "The fools," he said, "will begin to risk their lives in trying to pick up my opera-glass. Tell them that they shall be fired on if they do not desist." The story of the sentry who refused to leave his post, and perished in the flames, because he had not been properly relieved, is probably apocryphal—at least it is told of half a dozen sentinels, at half a dozen fires.

The Winter Palace was rebuilt in a year. The Emperor sent for an architect and told him that the new house must be finished within twelve months, or he would know the reason why. And Nicholas was not a Czar to be trifled with. At the end of the stipulated term the new Winter Palace *was* finished. A grand ball was given at court, and nobody was sent to Siberia. To be sure, the enterprise had not been completed without a considerable expenditure of rubles, and even of human life. In the depth of winter more than six thousand workmen used to be shut up in rooms heated to thirty degrees Réaumur, in order that the walls might dry the more quickly, and when they left the palace they experienced a difference of fifty or sixty degrees in the temperature. These little atmospheric variations were occasionally fatal to the peasants; but what cared they? To die for the Czar (there is a popular Russian drama on that theme) is a sweet boon to the loyal Muscovite.

The actual palace is an enormous parallelogram, of which the principal façade is four hundred and fifty feet long. It has often been compared architecturally with the (ex) royal palace at Madrid; but the Czar's residence is on the bank of the broad and beautiful Neva, whereas the abode of defunct Spanish royalty only overlooks the miserable little streamlet called the Mançanares.

During eight months out of the twelve the Winter Palace is inhabited by the imperial family. There is one apartment in it, however, which should not be passed by in utter silence. It is a little plain room, most modestly furnished, and containing a simple camp bed without curtains. It was here in the beginning of 1855 that "General Février turned traitor," and that the Emperor Nicholas died, from a terribly brief illness, which, at the outset, had been deemed to be merely a slight attack of influenza. The room, as is customary in Russia (and in some parts of Germany likewise), has been left in precisely the same state in which it was when the spirit of its mighty master passed away. The Emperor's gloves and handkerchief lie on a chair; his military cloak hangs behind the door; a half-finished letter is on the blotting-pad on the bureau. There is the pen with which he wrote; there are the envelopes and sealing-wax he used. The shadow of the hand of Death seems to pervade the whole place. You creep away hushed and awe-stricken from the potency of that presence.

THE STORY OF A BEARD.

A CHARITABLE countess, residing at her country-seat near Naples (the approximate date is 1761), brought up two orphans born in a hospital close by. Carlo, a handsome, good-tempered fellow, had been promoted to the rank of cook; Rosetta, sharp and extremely pretty, was the very thing for lady's-maid. Of course they mutually fell in love. But Carlo was not the only person attracted by Rosetta's charms. A young signor in the habit of visiting the countess, finding his money offers rejected, had her carried off by four masked brigands. She disappeared without leaving a trace. Whereupon Carlo left the countess, and wandered about the country, like a crazy creature, in search of his love. He invoked her presence, but all in vain.

"Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung."

One day, weary of his life, he saw a Capuchin convent—no rarity thereabouts. He knocked. His skill in the culinary art opened to him the doors of the sanctuary.

Carlo was a first-rate cook. Superior talents are sure to make their way. His fame soon reached the metropolis, and the father provincial of the Grand Convent at Naples insisted on securing so valuable an acquisition. Brother Charles (so the novice was called in religion) was mild, obliging, and fonder of cleanliness than the rest of his companions. A tinge of melancholy, owing to thoughts of Rosetta, rendered his countenance still more interesting; his light and silky budding beard detracted nothing from the softness of his features; add to this "the gift of the gab," a great facility of speech acquired in the countess's antechamber, and you will not wonder that he was speedily raised to one of the highest Capuchin offices—they being Mendicant Friars—namely, collector, solicitor, or, in plain English, beggar. Now Capuchin collectors have been known to maintain out of their receipts, without the superior's permission or knowledge, large little families of children in whom they took quite a paternal interest. But whatever was given to Carlo for the love of God—whether brown bread or cakes, treacle or apricot jam, perfumed muscat or half-sour wine—that he carried to the community without taking any thing by way of commission.

One day in the streets of Naples, while begging his way from house to house, he entered a magnificent palazzo, walked up its broad staircase, traversed five or six apartments (for mendicant friars make no ceremony of entering wherever they please), without meeting any body. He was about to walk back again as rich as he came, when he caught sight of a little door. Tapping slightly, he gently turned the key. The door opened. With downcast eyes, and hands hidden in his ample sleeves, which served occasionally as pockets, he humbly stated the poverty of his convent. A beautiful lady, reclining on a luxurious sofa, returned an affable and gracious reply.

"That voice!" exclaimed Carlo. He raised his eyes. "What! you! You! Rosetta! Here!" So saying, he fell in a swoon. Seven or eight tall lackeys (the precise number is unimportant) answered their mistress's call, and soon brought the weak-nerved friar to his senses. Left alone with his former sweetheart, he necessarily overwhelmed her with questions.

"I am no longer Rosetta," she answered. "My name now is Flavia. If I loved you less, I should not avow my errors; and even now I can not forgive myself for having been unfaithful to you, although I could not help it."

We reduce her confession to its concluding fact—indeed, the only one with which we have any concern—namely, that she was now rich and disengaged. The friar absolved her with a kiss. That kiss was fraught with serious consequences.

To insure the completeness of the absolution, the kiss was repeated several times. For Flavia it had only one drawback; she did not like the Capuchin's beard. She even prepared to cut it off; but Carlo informed her that such an imprudence might cost him dear. Upon which (as women will have their own way) she gave him a phial full of a potent liquid, with which she entreated him to rub his chin. If his beard fell off, she said, he might attribute it to illness or a weakly constitution. Brother Charles obeyed, and soon became beardless. But the crafty old monks, suspecting some trick, while the smooth-faced mendicant was going his rounds, or, rather, paying his court to Flavia for the good of the convent, searched his room and found the phial concealed in his mattress. On returning he had to submit to "discipline," that is, flogging, and was then transferred to a quiet dungeon, where they did not keep him long. In recompense for past and in hopes of future service he was re-instated in his double office of mendicant and cook.

His first application was made at Flavia's residence—so says the chronicle, and there is no reason to doubt its correctness. The fresh-grown beard did not prevent the kiss of welcome. But when he explained the reason of his absence, and showed her the marks of the cat-o'-nine-tails, her rage got the better of her discretion.

"I day say," she stormed, "you'll stop in that den where they pay service with stripes, and where you can't do as you please even with your own beard! Carlo, I am rich. We'll be happy together; we'll get married somewhere. I won't have you go back to that filthy convent! Yes, I will; you shall go back—just for once. I insist upon your bringing me to-morrow all the beards of all those horrid Capuchins. I will quilt them into a mattress as our first piece of furniture for setting up housekeeping. Unless you oblige me in that, I will have nothing more to say to you."

With this bit of her mind she whisked out of the room, leaving poor Carlo thunder-struck.

Although by no means a courageous person, Flavia's last words put him on his mettle. Besides, he really had no reason to be overpleased with his fellow-monks. He therefore made up his mind at once, and set about procuring an opiate to mix with his tyrants' soup, a pair of shears to snip their beards, and a capacious sack to put them in.

The clock struck midnight, the hour of dark deeds. Carlo, with the shears in one hand and the sack in the other, stole through the cells and the dormitories, halting an instant at every bed, and swelling his sack at every halt. At last he reached the superior's chamber. There he hesitated. Should he lay a sacrilegious hand on that venerable beard? No, he could not. He felt a pang of remorse. An involuntary fit of trembling seized him. He hurried away, and, worst of all, let fall the big sack which impeded his flight.

He soon took refuge in Flavia's arms, who highly relished the delights of vengeance, although regretting the contents of the sack, which she had destined for so useful a purpose. Her protégé did not share her satisfaction. He was too well acquainted with the fathers not to know that they would not let the trick go unrequited.

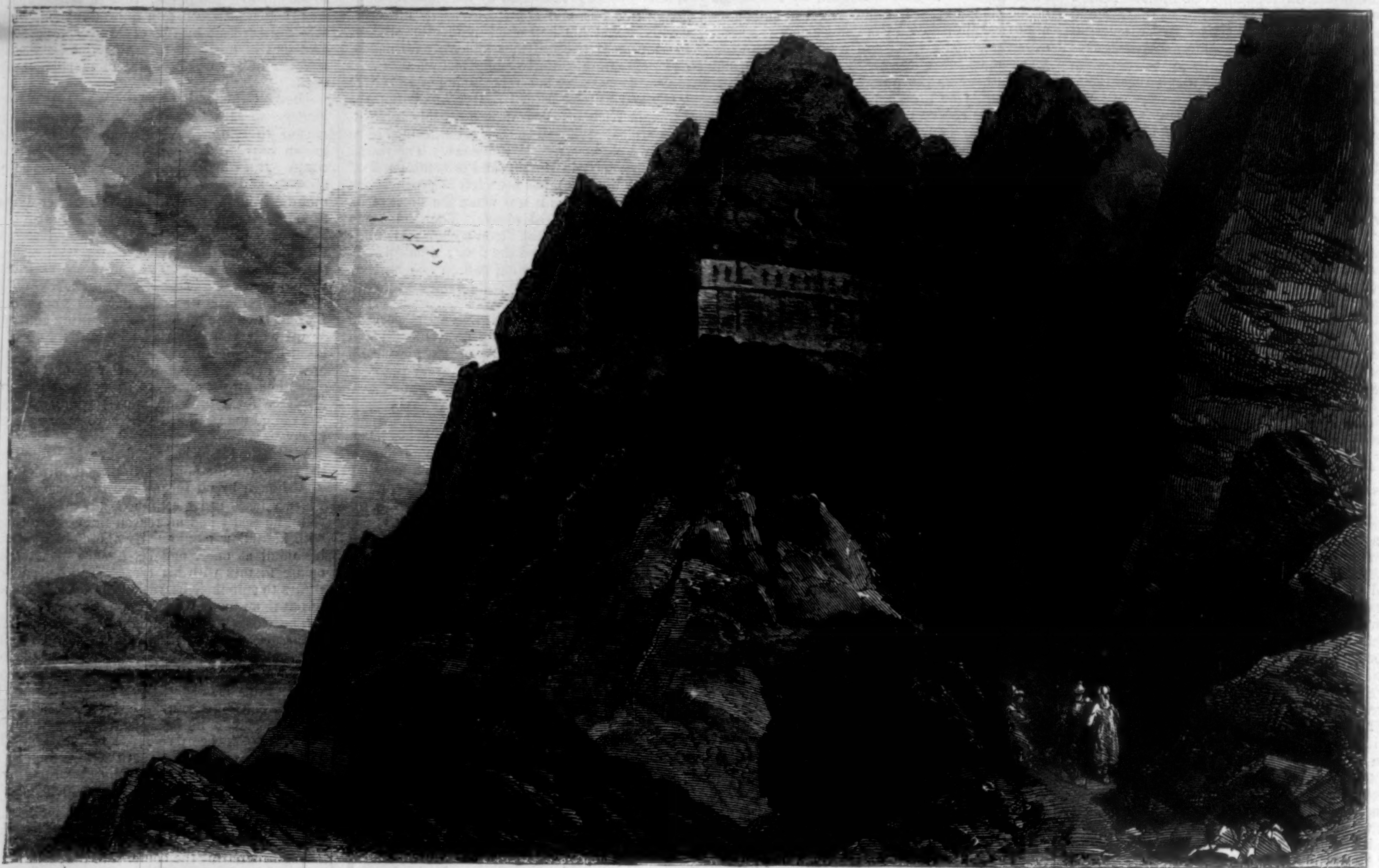
Next morning the Capuchins held a chapter of an unusually stormy character. What was to be done? Some proposed the closing of the convent doors and a life of utter seclusion until kind nature had restored to their chin its ravished ornament. Those days of mourning, passed in obscurity, were to be effaced forever from their annals. Others advised (and the advice prevailed) the adoption of false beards. Appearances would thus be saved, there would be no scandal, and they would escape the gibes of worldly scoffers. On one point they were perfectly agreed—to make the guilty wretch remember it, if Heaven delivered him into their hands.

Signor Carlo, already metamorphosed into a handsome cavalier, might have escaped scot-free but for another of his fair one's caprices. Learning that the Capuchins were to officiate at their church next Sunday just as if nothing had happened, she insisted on Carlo taking her there, in order to enjoy the figure they made. Great was her surprise at beholding in the pulpit a monk with a most magnificent beard, which was suspended from his solid ears, but, to avoid detection, with only a single thread. As the preacher proceeded, his eloquence warmed, so much so that in the midst of an apostrophe the thread—not of his discourse, but of his beard—broke, and down it fell in the midst of the congregation, who were very near shouting "A miracle!" Flavia burst into a fit of laughter. The fathers who went to reprimand her for her impropriety, recognizing Carlo in spite of his change of dress, immediately seized him and hurried him away.

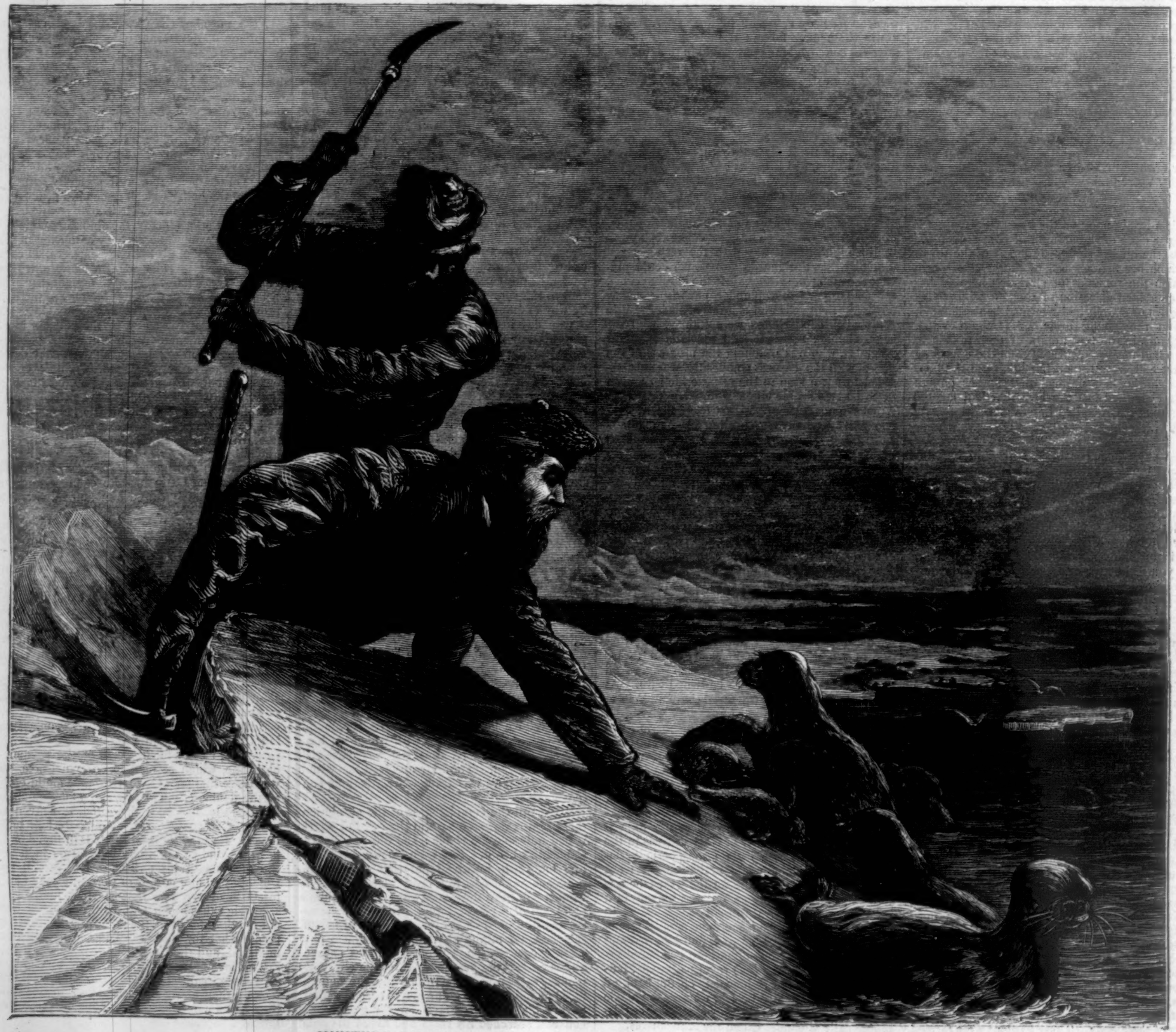
Flavia made no attempt to soften the monks by tears and entreaties. She knew too well the severity of convent justice, and that sentence is straightway followed by execution. Even if his life were spared, she could not tell what they might do to him. Every moment was precious; she hurried off to a duke of her acquaintance, and, by means not recorded, obtained his assistance. Next morning, at the head of a company of archers, she went straight to the convent to claim her lover.

The Capuchins assured her, with the utmost plausibility, that the culprit had been transferred to another monastery. She knew better, and was not to be so put off, but insisted on searching the house with the soldiers. At last she perceived, at the further end of the garden, a big stone, which seemed to cover a grave. It was there that poor Carlo, tried and found guilty of the double crime of apostasy and capuchinal lèse-majesté, had been deposited, in conventual phrase, "in pace." He was already half-suffocated. Beside him a few pounds of bread, a jug of water, and two or three wax tapers indicated the measure of his existence, and some bones which lay in one corner of the vault gave him a foretaste of the fate that awaited him. This spectacle caused such a ferment among the population that, for once, the authorities forgot their predilection for monks. The convent was demolished, and the Capuchins dispersed.

The lovers, to be out of the way of monkish vengeance, realized their property, and went and took up their abode in Paris, where in due time they had a numerous family, none of whom embraced a monastic life.



ANCIENT ASSYRIAN SCULPTURE, COMMEMORATING THE CAPTIVITY OF THE TEN TRIBES OF ISRAEL.—[SEE PAGE 165.]



HUNTERS KILLING SEALS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—[SEE PAGE 167.]

NAPOLEON III.'s MORTUARY CHAPEL.

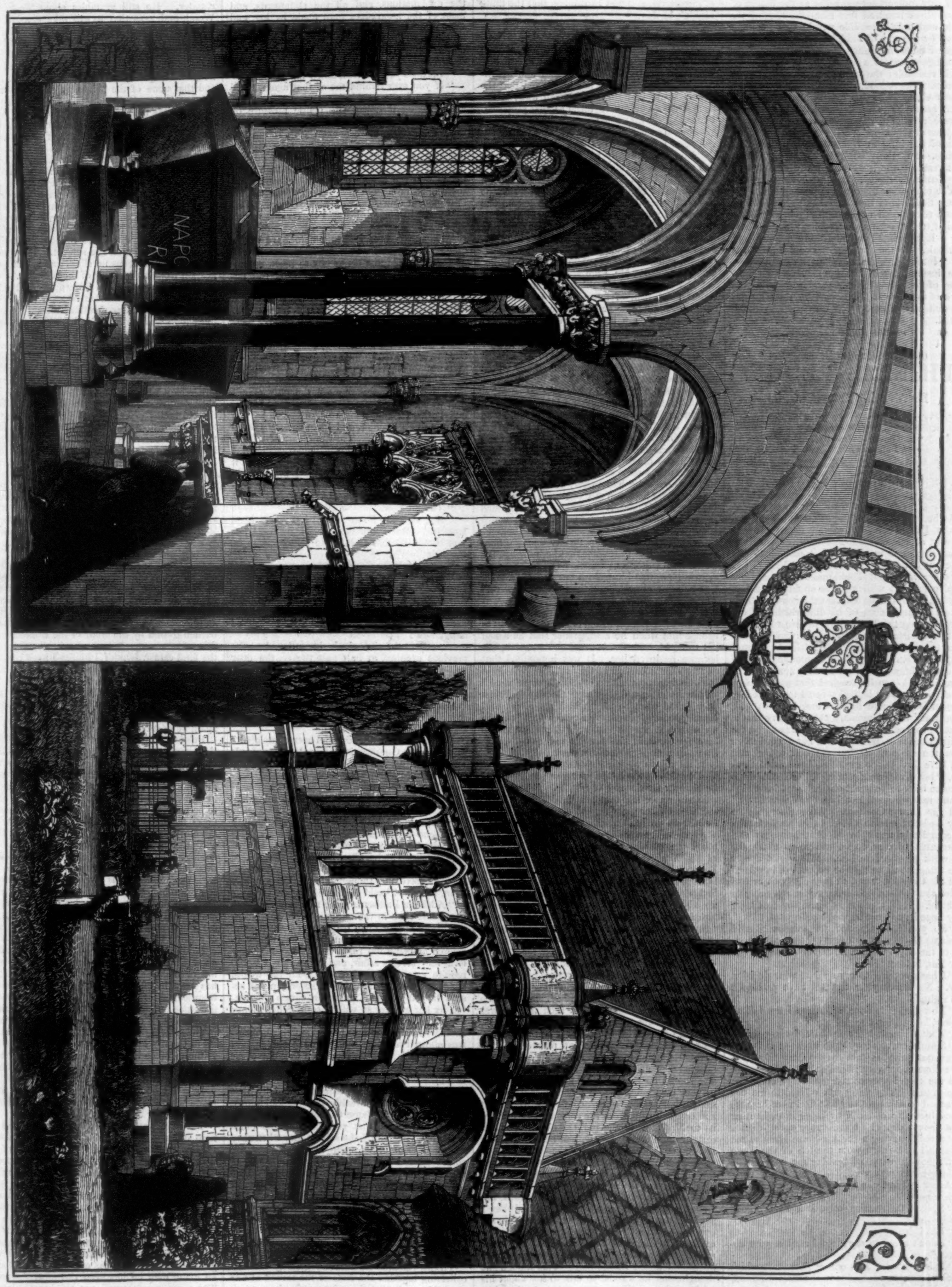
THE new Mortuary Chapel, or "Mausoleum," erected at Chiselhurst to contain the remains of his late Imperial Highness NAPOLEON III., is situated upon the north side of the little Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, which was erected some twenty years ago, and forms an important appendage to that building. The style adopted for the chapel is Gothic of the latter part of the thirteenth century, with a certain amount of French treatment as to detail. It opens into the church by a double arch supported upon coupled columns of marble with richly carved capitals, and is lined throughout with fine ashlar-work. The vaulting, which is also constructed of stone, is supported upon tall shafts with carved capitals. At the east end is the altar, the reredos of which is formed by a large niche with a rich canopy above it.

The chapel is lighted by three windows on the north side, and a pretty rose-window at the west end, and has, in addition to its access from the church, a small doorway in the west end. The floor is covered with green and buff tiles, highly glazed. In the centre of this chapel is the noble sarcophagus, of Aberdeen granite, the gift of her Majesty Queen VICTORIA, constructed out of a single block of great size and most splendid color; a second block forms the lid. With the exception of the raised cross on the lid, it is identical in form and design with that erected from the designs of the late Prince Consort to receive the remains of the Duchess of Kent at Frogmore. The only inscription is as follows:

NAPOLEON III.
R. I. P.

In the wall opposite to the sarcophagus is a recess, which is left for a monument or tomb for the Empress should that estimable lady find a grave in England. The exterior of the chapel is constructed in ashlar, and the roof covered with black tiles.

Critics will be apt to object that there is a certain amount of incongruity between this Gothic chapel and the classical sarcophagus, but it should be recollected that the sarcophagus is intended to be transferred to France should the imperial *régime* ever be re-established, or the French people desire the removal of the body, whereas the chapel will always remain as a portion of the church to which it is attached. The remains of the late Emperor were transferred to this new chapel on the 9th of January.



INTERIOR, SHOWING THE SARCOPHAGUS PRESENTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA.

MORTUARY CHAPEL IN MEMORY OF NAPOLEON III. AT CHISELHURST.

THE EXTERIOR.

ANCIENT ASSYRIAN SCULPTURE, EIGHTH CENTURY, B.C.

THE illustration on page 164, engraved from a sketch from the pencil of Mr. F. C. LEWIS, and made on the spot, is that of one of the most ancient of the Assyrian sculptures, and is considered to possess higher interest than any yet discovered. It is a basso-relievo, on a prepared smooth surface of the sacred rock, which rises to a height of about 1700 feet, and is called Besittoon. It is in the vicinity of Kermanshah, on the western frontier of Media. The subject is conjectured by the learned in archæology to commemorate the taking into captivity by SHALMANESAR of the ten tribes of Israel in the eighth century before Christ. This extraordinary work is of very difficult access, being at the height of about three hundred feet from the base of the rock, and only accessible within half that distance by the aid of ladders, that of telescopes being further necessary for the details. The first figure carries a spear, and in his Median habit resembles the sculptured guards at Persepolis. The second, similarly attired, carries a quiver slung at his back, with bent bow in his right hand. The third personage is of larger stature, a usual distinction of royalty in Eastern subjects of this kind, and his costume resembles that of the king at Naksh-i-Rustám and Persepolis. His right hand is elevated, and his foot rests on the body of a prostrate foe, who supplicates for mercy.

The nine other figures in the group have their hands tied behind their back, and are united by a cord round their necks, while their costume is similar to that seen at Persepolis, the ninth having a high pointed cap and more ample beard and hair. In the air, over the centre group, is the "Intelligence" in his chariot of sunbeams. The inscriptions attached to this remarkable piece of sculpture have been considered as the work of the highest Median artists, though from the difficulty of access but only partially interpreted.

(Concluded from No. 893, page 144.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right,"
"Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?"
"The Small House at Allington,"
"Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

AT LAST—AT LAST.

As he took his ticket Phineas sent his message to the Prime Minister, taking that personage literally at his word. The message was No. When writing it in the office it seemed to him to be uncourteous, but he found it difficult to add any other words that should make it less so. He supplemented it with a letter on his arrival in London, in which he expressed his regret that certain circumstances of his life which had occurred during the last month or two made him unfit to undertake the duties of the very pleasant office to which Mr. Gresham had kindly offered to appoint him. That done he remained in town but one night, and then set his face again toward Matching. When he reached that place it was already known that he had refused to accept Mr. Gresham's offer, and he was met at once with regrets and condolements. "I am sorry that it must be so," said the Duke—who was sorry, for he liked the man, but who said not a word more upon the subject. "You are still young, and will have further opportunities," said Lord Cantrip, "but I wish that you could have consented to come back to your old chair." "I hope that at any rate we shall not have you against us," said Sir Harry Coldfoot. Among themselves they declared one to another that he had been so completely upset by his imprisonment and subsequent trial as to be unable to undertake the work proposed to him. "It is not a very nice thing, you know, to be accused of murder," said Sir Gregory, "and to pass a month or two under the full conviction that you are going to be hung. He'll come right again some day. I only hope it may not be too late."

"So you have decided for freedom?" said Madame Goesler to him that evening, the evening of the day on which he had returned.

"Yes, indeed."

"I have nothing to say against your decision now. No doubt your feelings have prompted you right."

"Now that it is done, of course I am full of regrets," said Phineas.

"That is simple human nature, I suppose."

"Simple enough; and the worst of it is that I can not quite explain even to myself why I have done it. Every friend I had in the world told me that I was wrong, and yet I could not help myself. The thing was offered to me not because I was thought to be fit for it, but because I had become wonderful by being brought near to a violent death! I remember once, when I was a child, having a rocking-horse given to me because I had fallen from the top of the house to the bottom without breaking my neck. The rocking-horse was very well then, but I don't care now to have one bestowed upon me for any such reason."

"Still, if the rocking-horse is in itself a good rocking-horse—"

"But it isn't."

"I don't mean to say a word against your decision."

"It isn't good. It is one of those toys which look to be so very desirable in the shop-windows, but which give no satisfaction when they are brought home. I'll tell you what occurred the other day. The circumstances happen to be known to me, though I can not tell you my authority. My dear old friend Laurence Fitzgibbon, in the performance of his official duties, had to give an opinion on a matter affecting an expenditure of some thirty or forty thousand pounds of public money. I don't think that Laurence has generally a very strong bias this way or that on such questions, but in the case in question he took upon himself to be very decided. He wrote, or got some one to write, a report proving that the service of the country imperatively demanded that the money shou'd be spent, and in doing so was strictly within his duty."

"I am glad to hear that he can be so energetic."

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer got hold of the matter, and told Fitzgibbon that the thing couldn't be done."

"That was all right and constitutional, I suppose."

"Quite right and constitutional. But something had to be said about it in the House, and Laurence, with all his usual fluency and beautiful Irish brogue, got up and explained that the money would be absolutely thrown away if expended on a purpose so futile as that proposed. I am assured that the great capacity which he has thus shown for official work and official life will cover a multitude of sins."

"You would hardly have taken Mr. Fitzgibbon as your model statesman."

"Certainly not; and if the story affected him only it would hardly be worth telling. But the point of it lies in this, that he disgusted no one by what he did. The Chancellor of the Exchequer thinks him a very convenient man to have about him, and Mr. Gresham feels the comfort of possessing tools so pliable."

"Do you think that public life, then, is altogether a mistake, Mr. Finn?"

"For a poor man I think that it is, in this country. A man of fortune may be independent; and because he has the power of independence those who are higher than he will not expect him to be subservient. A man who takes to Parliamentary office for a living may live by it, but he will have but a dog's life of it."

"If I were you, Mr. Finn, I certainly would not choose a dog's life."

He said not a word to her on that occasion about herself, having made up his mind that a certain period of the following day should be chosen for the purpose, and he had hardly yet arranged in his mind what words he would use on that occasion. It seemed to him that there would be so much to be said that he must settle beforehand some order of saying it. It was not as though he had merely to tell her of his love. There had been talk of love between them before, on which occasion he had been compelled to tell her that he could not accept that which she offered to him. It would be impossible, he knew, not to refer to that former conversation. And then he had to tell her that he, now coming to her as a suitor and knowing her to be a very rich woman, was himself all but penniless. He was sure, or almost sure, that she was as well aware of this fact as was he himself; but, nevertheless, it was necessary that he should tell her of it, and, if possible, so tell her as to force her to believe him when he assured her that he asked her to be his wife not because she was rich, but because he loved her. It was impossible that all this should be said as they sat side by side in the drawing-room with a crowd of people almost within hearing, and Madame Goesler had just been called upon to play, which she always did directly she was asked. He was invited to make up a rubber, but he could not bring himself to care for cards at the present moment. So he sat apart and listened to the music.

If all things went right with him to-morrow, that music—or the musician who made it—would be his own for the rest of his life. Was he justified in expecting that she would give him so much? Of her great regard for him as a friend he had no doubt. She had shown it in various ways, and after a fashion that had made it known to all the world. But so had Lady Laura regarded him when he first told her of his love at Lough Linter. She had been his dearest friend, but she had declined to become his wife; and it had been partly so with Violet Effingham, whose friendship to him had been so sweet as to make him for a while almost think that there was more than friendship. Marie Goesler had certainly once loved him; but so had he once loved Laura Standish. He had been wretched for a while because Lady Laura had refused him. His feelings now were altogether changed, and why should not the feelings of Madame Goesler have undergone a similar change? There was no doubt of her friendship; but then neither was there any doubt of his for Lady Laura. And, in spite of her friendship, would not revenge be dear to her—revenge of that nature which a slighted woman must always desire? He had rejected her, and would it not be fair that he also should be rejected? "I suppose you'll be in your own room before lunch to-morrow," he said to her as they separated for the night. It had come to pass, from the constancy of her visits to Matching in the old Duke's time, that a certain small morning-room had been devoted to her, and this was still supposed to be her property—so that she was not driven to herd with the public or to remain in her bedroom during all the hours of the morning. "Yes," she said; "I shall go out immediately after breakfast, but I shall soon be driven in by the heat, and then I shall be there till lunch. The Duchess always comes about half past twelve, to complain generally of the guests." She answered him quite at her ease, making arrangement for privacy if he should desire it, but doing so as though she thought that he wanted to talk to her about his trial, or about politics, or the place he had just refused. Surely she would hardly have answered him after such a fashion had she suspected that he intended to ask her to be his wife.

At a little before noon the next morning he knocked at her door and was told to enter. "I didn't go out after all," she said. "I hadn't courage to face the sun."

"I saw that you were not in the garden."

"If I could have found you I would have told you that I should be here all the morning. I might have sent you a message, only—I didn't."

"I have come—"

"I know why you have come."

"You do? I doubt that. I have come to tell you that I love you."

"Oh, Phineas; at last—at last!" And in a moment she was in his arms.

It seemed to him that from that moment all the explanations, and all the statements, and most of the assurances were made by her, and not by him. After this first embrace he found himself seated beside her, holding her hand. "I do not know that I am right," said he.

"Why not right?"

"Because you are rich, and I have nothing."

"If you ever remind me of that again, I will strike you," she said, raising up her little fist and bringing it down with gentle pressure on his shoulder. "Between you and me there must be nothing more about that. It must be an even partnership. There must be ever so much about money, and you'll have to go into dreadful details, and make journeys to Vienna to see that the houses don't tumble down; but there must be no question between you and me of whence it came."

"You will not think that I have come to you for that?"

"Have you ever known me to have a low opinion of myself? Is it probable that I shall account myself to be personally so mean and of so little value as to imagine that you can not love me. I know you love me. But, Phineas, I have not been sure till very lately that you would ever tell me so. As for me— Oh, Heavens! when I think of it."

"Tell me that you love me now."

"I think I have said so plainly enough. I have never ceased to love you since I first knew you well enough for love. And I'll tell you more—though perhaps I shall say what you will think condemns me—you are the only man I ever loved. My husband was very good to me, and I was, I think, good to him. But he was many years my senior, and I can not say I loved him—as I do you." Then she turned to him and put her head on his shoulder. "And I loved the old Duke, too, after a fashion. But it was a different thing from this. I will tell you something about him some day that I have never yet told to human being."

"Tell me now."

"No; not till I am your wife. You must trust me. But I will tell you," she said, "lest you should be miserable. He asked me to be his wife."

"The old Duke?"

"Yes, indeed, and I refused to be a—duchess. Lady Glencora knew it all, and, just at the time, I was breaking my heart, like a fool, for you! Yes, for you! But I got over it, and am not broken-hearted a bit. Oh, Phineas, I am so happy now!"

Exactly at the time she had mentioned on the previous evening, at half past twelve, the door was opened, and the Duchess entered the room. "Oh dear," she exclaimed, "perhaps I am in the way; perhaps I am interrupting secrets."

"No, Duchess."

"Shall I retire? I will at once if there be any thing confidential going on."

"It has gone on already, and been completed," said Madame Goesler, rising from her seat. "It is only a trifle. Mr. Finn has asked me to be his wife."

"Well?"

"I couldn't refuse Mr. Finn a little thing like that."

"I should think not, after going all the way to Prague to find a latch-key? I congratulate you, Mr. Finn, with all my heart."

"Thanks, Duchess."

"And when is it to be?"

"We have not thought about that yet, Mr. Finn, have we?" said Madame Goesler.

"Adelaide Palliser is going to be married from here some time in the autumn," said the Duchess, "and you two had better take advantage of the occasion." This plan, however, was considered as being too rapid and rash. Marriage is a very serious affair, and many things would require arrangement. A lady with the wealth which belonged to Madame Goesler can not bestow herself off-hand as may a curate's daughter, let her be ever so willing to give her money as well as herself. It was impossible that a day should be fixed quite at once; but the Duchess was allowed to understand that the affair might be mentioned. Before dinner on that day every one of the guests at Matching Priory knew that the man who had refused to be made Under-Secretary of State had been accepted by that possessor of fabulous wealth who was well known to the world as Madame Goesler of Park Lane. "I am very glad that you did not take office under Mr. Gresham," she said to him when they first met each other again in London. "Of course when I was advising you I could not be sure that this would happen. Now you can bide your time, and if the opportunity offers, you can go to work under better auspices."

CHAPTER LXXX.

CONCLUSION.

THERE remains to us the very easy task of collecting together the ends of the thread of our narrative, and tying them into a simple knot, so that there may be no unraveling. Of Mr. Emilius it has been already said that his good fortune clung to him so far that it was found impossible to connect him with the tragedy of Bolton Row. But he was made to vanish for a certain number of years from the world, and dear little Lizzie Eustace was left a free woman. When last we heard of her she was at Naples, and there was then a rumor that she was about to join her fate to that of Lord George de Bruce Carruthers, with whom pecuniary matters had lately not been going comfortably. Let us hope that the match, should it be a match, may lead to the happiness and respectability of both of them.

As all the world knows, Lord and Lady Chiltern still live at Harrington Hall, and he has been considered to do very well with the Brake country. He still grumbles about Trumpeton Wood, and says that it will take a lifetime to repair the injuries done by Mr. Fothergill; but then who ever knew a Master of Hounds who wasn't ill-treated by the owners of coverts?

Of Mr. Tom Spooner it can only be said that he is still a bachelor, living with his cousin Ned, and that none of the neighbors expect to see a lady at Spoon Hall. In one winter, after the period of his misfortune, he became slack about his hunting, and there were rumors that he was carrying out that terrible threat of his as to the crusade which he would go to find a cure for his love. But his cousin took him in hand somewhat sharply, made him travel abroad during the summer, and brought him out the next season, "as fresh as paint," as the members of the Brake Hunt declared. It was known to every sportsman in the country that poor Mr. Spooner had been in love; but the affair was allowed to be a mystery, and no one ever spoke to Mr. Spooner himself upon the subject. It is probable that he now reaps no slight amount of gratification from his memory of the romance.

The marriage between Gerard Maule and Adelaide Palliser was celebrated with great glory at Matching, and was mentioned in all the leading papers as an alliance in high life. When it became known to Mr. Maule, senior, that this would be so, and that the lady would have a very considerable fortune from the old Duke, he reconciled himself to the marriage altogether, at once gave way in that matter of Maule Abbey. Nothing, he thought, would be more suitable than that the young people should live at the old family place. So Maule Abbey was fitted up, and Mr. and Mrs. Maule have taken up their residence there. Under the influence of his wife he has promised to attend to his farming, and proposes to do no more than go out and see the hounds when they come into his neighborhood. Let us hope that he may prosper. Should the farming come to a good end, more will probably have been due to his wife's enterprise than to his own. The energetic father is, as all the world knows, now in pursuit of a widow with three thousand a year who has lately come out in Cavendish Square.

Of poor Lord Fawn no good account can be given. To his thinking, official life had none of those drawbacks with which the fantastic feelings of Phineas Finn had invested it. He could have been happy forever at the India Board or at the Colonial Office; but his life was made a burden to him by the affair of the Bonteen murder. He was charged with having nearly led to the fatal catastrophe of Phineas Finn's condemnation by his erroneous evidence, and he could not bear the accusation. Then came the further affair of Mr. Emilius, and his mind gave way, and he disappeared. Let us hope that he may return some day with renewed health, and again be of service to his country.

Poetical justice reached Mr. Quintus Slide, of the *People's Banner*. The acquittal and following glories of Phineas Finn were gall and wormwood to him; and he continued his attack upon the member for Tankerville even after it was known that he had refused office, and was about to be married to Madame Goesler. In these attacks he made allusions to Lady Laura which brought Lord Chiltern down upon him, and there was an action for libel. The paper had to pay damages and costs, and the proprietors resolved that Mr. Quintus Slide was too energetic for their purposes. He is now earning his bread in some humble capacity on the staff of the *Ballot-Box*, which is supposed to be the most democratic daily newspaper published in London. Mr. Slide has, however, expressed his intention of seeking his fortune in New York.

Laurence Fitzgibbon certainly did himself a good turn by his obliging deference to the opinion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has been in office ever since. It must be acknowledged of all our leading statesmen that gratitude for such services is their characteristic. It is said that he spends much of his eloquence in endeavoring to make his wife believe that the air of County Mayo is the sweetest in the world. Hitherto, since his marriage, this eloquence has been thrown away, for she has always been his companion during the session in London.

It is rumored that Barrington Erle is to be made Secretary for Ireland, but his friends doubt whether the office will suit him.

The marriage between Marie Goesler and our hero did not take place till October, and then they went abroad for the greater part of the winter, Phineas having received leave of absence officially from the Speaker, and unofficially from his constituents. After all that he had gone through, it was acknowledged that so much ease should be permitted to him. They went first to Vienna, and then back into Italy, and were unheard of by their English friends for nearly six months. In April they re-appeared in London, and the house in Park Lane was opened with great éclat. Of Phineas every one says that of all living men he has been the most fortunate. The present writer will not think so unless he shall soon turn his hand to some useful task. Those who know him best say that he will of course go into office before long.

Of poor Lady Laura hardly a word need be said. She lives at Saulsby the life of a recluse, and the old Earl, her father, is still alive.

The Duke, as all the world knows, is on the very eve of success with the decimal coinage. But his hair is becoming gray, and his back is becoming bent; and men say that he will never live as long as his uncle. But then he will have done a great thing—and his uncle did only little things. Of the Duchess no word need be said. Nothing will ever change the Duchess.

THE END.

HUNTERS KILLING SEALS.

OUR readers may remember a picture which appeared in *Punch*, where a hippopotamus and an attractive young lady are placed in juxtaposition, and the apparently formidable monster is represented as saying to the innocent-looking girl, "Who would suppose, miss, to look at us, that you were carnivorous, while I live on roots and hay?" But the civilized fair one is destructive of animal life not only in her appetite, but also in her apparel. A calf has died in order that her feet may be covered; the dainty gloves which hide her hands represent the massacre of a playful kid; the muff which shelters her fingers from the cold had once a more rightful owner, a four-footed wanderer on some Russian steppe; the feathers in her hat have been the property of a gayly plumaged bird; while the seal-skin jacket which keeps her so warm, and which adds so much to her personal attractions, has been ruthlessly stripped from the body of one whose maternal instincts were quite as strong as her own, and whose child—the mother being slain—was left to perish by starvation.

Seals, be it remembered, are not fish—cold-blooded creatures who lay eggs, and take little note of their offspring. A lady herring or codfish can scarcely have much maternal affection, or, if she has, it must be considerably diluted if she tries to show a little individual tenderness to each of her hundred thousand babies. But a seal is altogether a different being—a warm-blooded, warm-hearted, intelligent, affectionate creature—in fact, a sort of dog that lives in salt-water; and therefore we ask our fair readers, as they put on their seal-skin jackets during the month of February, to try and use their influence to diminish the cruelties of seal-hunting. Here are the simple facts. The hunters, poleaxe in hand, watch the young calves, and the instant the unhappy mothers approach their young, kill them. The poor calves are left to starve to death. Many letters were recently addressed to the newspapers commenting on the cruelty of killing so many "nursing mothers," and allowing the little ones to die in tens of thousands; but we are not aware that any practical remedy has yet been devised against this brutal and wasteful cruelty. While the massacre is taking place, thousands of sea-birds swarm over the ice, and cover the sky. The seals are skinned on the ice, and the skins dragged with ropes to the ship. A man can not drag more than two or three skins at once, as they weigh very heavy. Seals are shot, harpooned, and speared, but the seal poleaxe, as in our drawing, is the favorite weapon. There are four kinds of seals—the rat-seal, the bearded or ground seal, the harp-seal, and the bladder-nose. The foreground seal in our picture on page 164 is a bladder-nose, or hooded seal, a male. The crest of the female is very small, almost indistinguishable. The following fact illustrates the intelligence of the mother seal. She will often go away in the morning to fish, and will not return for many hours, and although the hummock on which she left her young may have drifted for miles, and altered in size and shape, she will invariably find it.

AUNT LORA'S LONG AGO.

I WAS visiting Ireland and my great-aunt for the first time. Her lovely home, Glenbawn, nestled at the base of one of the Wicklow mountains, Sugarloaf. It was the winter of 1867–68, and all our neighbors of note had moved into Dublin, driven from the lonely hills by the terrors of the Fenian movement, which was the one engrossing topic in every mouth and with every class.

I had come over to Christmas with auntie, as my father had been obliged to leave unexpectedly for the West Indies—a hurried journey, on which it was inexpedient for me to accompany him; so our London home was shut up, and I was consigned to the care of his Irish aunt, of whom I had often heard, but whom I had never seen. She had welcomed me lovingly. We had held a consultation on my first arrival at Glenbawn, and had decided on biding at home in auntie's own cozy nest amidst her home duties, rather than spend an idle winter in unhomelike lodgings in town; so I settled down as contentedly as might be to wear away the months which lay between me and my father's home-coming.

We had pleasant talks in the long evenings, when the curtains were drawn, the turf fire heaped up with an oaken log in its ruby heart, its ruddy glare striving with the soft steady light of the wax-candles which burned in old silver-branched candlesticks on every table and bracket in the pretty quaint drawing-room. Aunt Lora's tiny but stately figure, with its rich black silk and delicate laces, the soft silver hair rolled away and almost covered by a cloud of lace fastened by large diamond pins, and floating far below her waist—she was simply lovely, and I used to look up at her from my pet lounge on the soft white rug with the passionate admiration of a girl for the first realization of her ideal woman. To me—insignificant brown mouse that I was—with all her seventy years, she seemed perfectly beautiful.

One night we had talked a long while of the foolish Fenians—of the sad, sad story of poor, lovely Ireland, with her desolate cabin homes and exiled children. Then it was she told some bits of her long ago.

"I was born," auntie said, "in the terrible '98, when the rage and hatred which had smouldered for years among the Irish peasantry burst into a flame which enveloped and scathed the whole country-side. Centuries of misrule had laid the train; measures of repression—necessary, it may be, but certainly severe, nay, cruel—applied the spark. The Habeas Corpus was suspended; government spies lurked on every side; the horses of the poor farmers were impressed for baggage transport; the concurrence of seven magistrates was sufficient warrant to consign to the Fleet, almost without even the form of trial, any number of persons found at unlawful assemblies; soldiers were billeted without the least pretense or regard had to right or justice, and the conduct of the yeomanry was in too many instances aggravating beyond measure. I have heard the story of those days from my mother—your great-grandmother, darling. My father lodged a whole regiment of yeomanry here in this old house, with its out-buildings. Looking back in quiet after-years, it seemed to me like a dream too weird and dreary to have been more than a dream—the quiet homestead filled with armed men, the kindly country sounds silenced; in their stead the clash of arms, the angry voices of men ready and eager to meet death, so that with it they found revenge; the lurid glare of the rebel beacons lighting up the soft summer-night landscape; the ceaseless tramp and tumult of a camp; the terrible rumors which floated, it seemed, on the very airs of heaven; the news brought in by disguised scouts of the burning, by the rebels, of Scullabogue Barn, crowded with three hundred prisoners, whom they flung back into the flames when they did manage to escape through door or window; the capture of the mails in different parts of Ireland, the burning of the coaches when the bags were secured, the murder of the passengers and guards; the wild excesses of Father Murphy in the south, whose house and chapel the soldiers had burned down. He had vowed a fearful vengeance, which he began on the dreadful twenty-third day of May by setting fire to the house of every Protestant in the little town of Kilcormick, and murdering the owners. May had its catalogue of horrors; they were to be surpassed by the massacres which took place during June in the rebel camp on Vinegar Hill; but the horror reached its climax with the murders on Wexford Bridge.

"I will not dwell on this, dear, but will tell you that late one evening toward the end of June a weary, blood-stained, wounded fugitive crept in here with the news. The tale he told maddened the soldiers; even the tender heart of my father hardened against the torturers of some of the best and noblest men in Ireland, many of them his own loved friends. There was a hurried call to arms, a midnight march, from which there was to be no home-coming for him and for many besides. He was colonel of the regiment, and rode off with a set face and gleaming eyes, which never softened even as he kissed good-by to wife and child—my sister Meg, your grandmother—I was not born then. Three days—a long, hot, breathless agony of suspense for poor mother—did not bring him back; with the dawn of the fourth came the heavy tramp of armed men. Her weary eyes, which had not closed since she had looked her last on her husband, watched a band of rebels march sullenly down the hill beside the house, looking neither to left nor right, speaking no word, leaving a broad crushed track as they went through the dew-hung corn, the rosy dawn-light glinting on their pikes, stained with dull crimson, on the wide black banner, with its blood-red cross and motto, 'Murder without Sin.' They passed down the valley and away, and still my mother watched. At last there came the well-known uniforms over the winding road, but without my father; he had left them three hours before to ride across a bog, a short-cut home—it was not possible for the soldiers to cross it in a body. His brother officers had tried to dissuade him; but, laughing at the idea of risk, and anxious to relieve my mother's fears, he rode off, never to be seen again in life but by his murderers. Weary as they were, a detachment was at once sent off to commence a search, which lasted till night-fall, when, lying naked and disfigured in a deep bog-hole, they found a body. My mother's loving eyes alone recognized in one poor maimed hand that of her husband. That night I was born."

"But, auntie, knowing all this, how can you love these people, live among them, help them, as you do—the children of your father's murderers?"

"Lora, the wrongs of centuries had maddened them. My mother lived six lonely years after that summer morning when her heart was broken. In life and death she taught us the lesson of forgiveness. No, the terrible excesses of '98 are more easily condoned than the horrible cold-blooded murders of late years—cowardly, cruel!—the shooting from a hedge shelter of the defenseless.

"Shall I tell you another story? You have heard of your aunt Mabel; from the time of your grandmother's death she had been my child and darling: your father was in Demerara, and we were alone in the world but for each other, and we were very happy together. She married at eighteen; her husband was an Englishman, a younger son, not rich; he had been in the army for a few years, but sold out on his marriage, and took a farm on the other side of the valley. My wedding-gift to them was their new home—it was a mere farm-house when Will bought it; but during their wedding-tour, which lasted for six months, and which they finished by a round of visits among his people in England, I had the whole house remodeled and enlarged, made into a fitting home for my pet. How I enjoyed furnishing it, remembering all her pretty whims and fancies!

"It was a bright home-coming. With what pretty glee Mabel ran from room to room, delighted with every thing I had done for her! Then the pretty shy grace with which she took her place as mistress! One little happy week passed, to which I shall always look back as the last of real happiness in my life. You know, dear, I am happy now and content, as an old woman should be whose life is warmed by the loving kindness of every one around her, who has been given the abiding joy, which never grows insipid, of being able to brighten other lives with some of the brightness given to her own. And then there is the best and dearest joy of all—the knowledge that the loves of long ago are kept safely in God's own care, to be mine again one day—very soon now—when I too reach the world where the incompleteness of this will be rounded and perfected.

"But this little week was happy and warm with joy of another kind which I have missed ever since. It was Christmas-eve; all day my darling had been busy with decorations and preparations for the next day, when all the tenants on their new estate were to be entertained in the servants' hall.

"Well, dear, I remember coming down that afternoon. I had been busy writing in my own room. I found the whole house a bower of greenery, the last touch given, and May and her husband resting before the fire in the hall, whose cedar wainscot sent out ruddy gleams and spicy fragrance in acknowledgment of the light and warmth. She smiled up at me from a nest of skins, among which she was cosily lounging, resting her bright head against Will's knee, and held up two pretty dusty hands to be exclaimed at.

"'We were talking of last Christmas,' she said, when I had taken the chair Will drew forward for me. 'How long ago it seems, and how strange that then we did not know each other! Will scorching in India, you and I Christmasing at Glenbawn, auntie.—Oh, I wish I could give you those eighteen years, Will! It is so dreary to think you were not in them.'

"'You will give me the next eighteen, and many a year besides; that will content me, little wife. I am sure you were a mischievous monkey, and I am thankful I did not discover you until Aunt Lora had tamed you.'

"'You wicked, unsentimental boy.'

"And the dusty hands were twisted in a thick brown beard which was temptingly near. And so they laughed and chatted, children as they were, quite unchecked by my presence, until a servant came in with a message for me. It was news of the sudden illness of one of the servants here. My first impulse was to come home without delay; but they would not hear of my doing so. It was settled that Will should drive over, calling for the doctor as he passed through the village, and if he did not bring a good report, he promised to take me back immediately on his return, if I would consent to wait patiently so long. I consented—would that I had not! All might have been—but no; there are no might-have-beens with God."

Aunt Lora covered her face for a minute, then she went on more steadily:

"I remember all—every word and incident of that evening. We watched Will drive away into the gray twilight, and then came back to the fireside until the dressing-bell rang, while my pet used every loving wile to keep me from dwelling too anxiously on M'Carthy's illness. We grew anxious, as the evening went on, for my servant; Will's prolonged absence made me fear she was seriously ill. Now and then the young wife shivered a little as the fierce blast, which now at intervals swept up the valley, with one sudden gust rushed by to die away among the higher hills. It was the snow wind; we knew it well, and longed that our traveler were safely home. Mabel had ordered dinner in her morning-room, from which there was a view of the road along which he would return; she thought, too, it would be easier to warm and brighten it than the large dining-room. We stood for a long while at the window watching the heavy woolly clouds rolling and massing themselves in the livid sky. There had been a light fall of snow in the morning, enough to whiten the trees and grass, but we could distinguish the dark line of the road as it wound round into the valley. Again and again the wind swept up with its wild, angry moan, bending the trees in its course, and hiding them in thick clouds of snow-powder swept from their tossing branches: then again the din would hush and a great stillness fall on the outside world. We watched till I saw my child was growing pale, and I drew her into the warm room, bright with fire and candle-light, the pretty rose-colored room, where the shining silver and crystal of the dinner-table looked brighter still in contrast to the outer gloom. I pretended to be hungry, that she might be forced to give up the watch for a while. We sat down to dinner, leaving the warmest seat for Will, and each tried to eat for the sake of the other; but at every gust the sweet little face opposite me grew whiter, and a dark line began to show beneath the soft eyes. As yet the worst we feared for Will was a struggle with the storm, while we sat at home wrapped from cold and all discomfort.

"The evening wore on; dinner was removed, the supper-table laid, covered with every dainty the little wife could suggest. She hunted up a fur-lined dressing-gown, which he had used when stationed in Canada, and hung it before the fire; then she went back to her post beside the window, having warmed the hearth and spread the table, all for Will—poor Will, who should never more enjoy food or warmth in this world.

"Lights were placed in every window to guide him through the snow, which was now falling blindingly, darkening sight and hushing sound. Servants were sent out with spades and lanterns; but unhappily the butler was old and feeble, and the only other man at our disposal was Will's soldier-servant, an Englishman, quite ignorant of the neighborhood. They returned without having been able to get farther than where the road divided at the head of the valley.

"As the small hours crept by, the cold grew intense outside the circle warmed by the fire. I tried to wrap Mabel in a mantle, but she put away my hand impatiently, and shook herself free from the soft folds.

"'I will not be warm. Will is cold.'

"And she turned to the window once more with a slight shudder, while her weary eyes gazed on into the whirling, blinding snow-fall.

"At two o'clock I again tried to induce her to lie down, telling her what I tried to believe myself, that her husband had staid weather-bound at Glenbawn; that Brown Colleen, the mare he had taken, could find her way home to her stables on the darkest night; that—in short, I used every means—coaxing, remonstrance, command, all in vain; words she did not seem to hear. When I tried to draw her away she pushed me gently from her, and the white lips moved, though no sound came from them.

"At three o'clock the wind lulled; the snow whirl ceased. I was holding her burning hand in mine, longing intensely for morning, turning with a sick shudder from the pictures which *would* pass before my aching brain of Will sleeping his last sleep beneath the drift, when suddenly she snatched away her hand and started up.

"'He is coming! I hear him!' She flew into the hall, where an immense fire was blazing on the hearth. 'Throw on the yule-log!' she cried, impatiently, to the servants who were standing about. 'Don't I tell you he is coming—he is here!'

"I signed to them to obey her, and the great pine trunk which had been carted home so merrily only a week ago, which she and Will had garlanded a few hours since, was flung on. I asked, softly, whether they heard any thing; but the men shook their heads, and, indeed, the depth of the snow must have hushed any sound. They said if their master had waited in shelter at the mountain foot till the storm subsided, the horse might make his way beneath the shadow of the rocks which overhung the road, and which must have kept a comparatively clear track.

"Mabel had gone back to her window. Now she rushed in, her face quivering and flashing with excitement.

"'Auntie, he is here! I see him!'

"She began tugging furiously at the fastenings of the great door. Stronger hands came to her aid; in an instant it was flung open, and before any one could interfere she had rushed out. We saw the white flying figure flit over the snow like a wraith—snow-drift so deep and light that it seemed a bird must have sunk into it; we saw the dog-cart creeping slowly under the cliff at a foot-pace, Will's upright, soldierly figure showing dark and clear against the livid background; we saw her reach him and spring up to him: then there was a silence. I do not know why we all looked on as at a scene in which we had no part, until a cry, low, anguished, exceedingly bitter, laden with terror and heart-break, cut through the dead heavy stillness. I felt hands holding me back; I saw dark figures struggling across the white lawn; then *something* was carried in and laid on the soft furs before the blaze—*something*, not Will, never Will any more. The kind, strong hands gave back no answering pressure to the cold clasping fingers which clung to them; the loving eyes had lost their light; he lay beside her as he had lain not twelve hours ago, on the same spot, in his own hearth-glow; but it was Will no longer. He was dead.

"Something crueler and fiercer than the storm had been abroad that bitter night. He had been tempted from home to his death; the murderer had reckoned on his loving heart answering to the call of sorrow and sickness; the false message as to M'Carthy's illness had been but a lure to draw the victim to the toils. He had set out on his return journey, dropped the doctor at his own door with a merry good-night, and driven away to his death. His murderer only knew the rest.

"His wife's white dress was covered with crimson stains when we raised her from her husband's body. She did not faint or cry; she even smiled, a faint, weary smile.

"'Will is so cold,' she said.

"When we brought her wine, she put it to his dead lips.

"'Will first—poor Will!' and even while she spoke her head fell again on his breast.

"All night she clung to him with a clasp which we could not loose without using force, which I could not endure to do. We sent for the doctor; he made his toilsome way through the snow only to tell us what we knew too well already.

"Will was dead, and all night long his wife lay motionless upon his breast. Great fires burned; tables stood covered for the master, who was never to feel cold or hunger more. When the chill, late winter morning broke, Mabel too had entered into the great eternal sunshine of God."

The next day Aunt Lora took me to the grave where wife and husband slept together. The moss—"God's blessing on the grave"—had crept softly, greenly above them; the scarlet letters at the base of the white cross, which told the story of William Forsythe Long and Mabel his wife, gleamed redly through the holly wreath which hung there, a message of love and remembrance from the living to the dead.

No trace of the murderer was ever discovered; it was supposed to be one of those all but motiveless crimes which have desolated so many Irish homes during the last forty years. Mr. Long was an Englishman; he had begun his reign well—was full of schemes to benefit his tenantry. His crime was having taken the place of an Irish family, who had emigrated when a long career of extravagance had made it impossible to live at home any longer.

This was one of the stories Aunt Lora told me of her "long ago."